May 5/65 -

JANUARY, 1896.

SOME FEATURES

With the New Year, by Emma Sammons; A November Scene, by Jean Murdock; Tom's Second Misses; Nearer the Bells, by Ernest E. Leigh; The Tables Turned, by Lydia A. Riches; Mr. Harlowe's Lesson; A Miser's New Year; Little Bow Legs; Don'ts for Married People; The Fashions, Departments, etc.

LADIES' JOURNAL

MIDWINTER.

In these passing Zero days the miller cold grinds exceeding small. The grist is less in quantity, but of quality it is the finest. Even when no snow is falling, and especially in the mornings, any plank or plain surface will be found to be covered with a deposit of mite-small particles the very flour of the snow—otherwise frost. I thought this morning that the snow had gathered whiteness and purity over night, as though by human withdrawal from its presence. Its celestial candor and cleanness scarcely permitted my mortal eyes to rest upon it! The trees, every limb and branch well furred with snow, lift a white tapestry all around.

—EDITH THOMAS.

HELEN JEFFREY DEL.

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WOMEN IN DOUBT

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Loving Too Late.

Not long ago I met a young lady in poverty whom I had previously known in wealth, and this was, in substance, the story she told me: "Father died suddenly and the professional skill through which he had coined money for us died with him. I am not weeping because we are poor. I am broken-hearted because none of us saw that he was dying. Was it not pitiful that he should think it best not to tell any of us that he was sick? And I, his petted daughter, though I knew he was taking opium to soothe his great pain, was so absorbed by my lovers, my games, and my dresses, that I just hoped it would all come right. If I could only remember that even once I had pitied his suffering or felt anxious about his life, I might bear his loss better! My dear, dear father! Oh, how terrible it is to love when it is too late!"

The story is common enough. Many a father, year after year, goes in and out of his home carrying the burden and doing the labour of life, while those whom he tenderly loves hold with but careless hands all of honour and gold he wins by toil and pain. Then some day his head and hands can work no more! And the hearts that had not learned the great lesson of unselfish love while love was their teacher, must now begin their sad duty when love has left them alone forever. It is now their place to carry the daily heavy cross that he bore, and under its burden to say with bitter tears, "Would to God that the dear one dead were here once more? Never again would we grieve and cross him! Never again be blind to his manifest weariness and sufferings! Oh, for the sound of his voice in our sorrowful house!"

German children in the mountains of Silesia devoutedly believe that beetles are both deaf and blind.

A New Hamburg Citizen Released From Four Months' Imprisonment.

Mr. John Kook, hotel keeper, New Hamburg, Ont.: "I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. The last attack commenced last October, and kept me in the house four months, when two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure completely cured me. Had I secured the remedy when I first contracted rheumatism it would have saved me months of pain and sufferings."

If you suffer from rheumatism or neuralgia do not delay, but try South American Rheumatic Cure now. It will relieve in a few hours and cure radically in a few days.

Samoan Society.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has related many interesting things about her Samoa home and her life there. She says that housekeeping becomes rather difficult when you have to send half across the Pacific for a bottle of bluing, and a bag of flour. In regard to the servant problem she says:

The servant problem? No, we don't have that. The reason is that we don't have any servants. We have families. If you want a cook, you let your wants be known and you are besieged with applicants. When you see one that you really like, you say:

"Now, if you'll be a good boy, and do so and so," and then you tell him what you expect of him, "I'll let you be in my family, and will allow you so much a month for spending money."

If you called the money you give your "family" for spending money "wages," they would leave you in a body. They are excellent help, but you cannot call them servants or treat them like servants.

The leader of society there is always a young and beautiful girl. She is chosen from among the village girls, and is given the title of the "Beautiful Maid."

Then there's a man—he's called the "Magnificent One." He is always young and handsome and strong, and well up in the latest things in dances and the very newest fad in war-songs, and is dressed up in a dress peculiar to himself; and all the men have to bow when they have to pass before him.

My daughter went to a picnic one day when we first went to Samoa. She noticed a young man sitting on a sort of dais, and every one that went near him stooped and crawled. She thought, "Well, this must be some mighty prince or potentate." She went up closer to have a good look at the exalted being, and lo! it was our cook.

One of our family was chosen for the "Beautiful Maid,' and she had to leave us and go and be a society leader. I don't think she cares about it.

My cook, who has gone to be a "Magnificent One," doesn't like it at all. He says he gets nothing to eat but bananas and breadfruit, and has no bed to sleep on but a mat, with a piece of wood for a pillow. And then he has to stay up so late in society, leading dances and such things, that he doesn't get sleep enough and I fancy he'd rather be a little less swell and a little more comfortable.

When You Write a Letter.

The wise adult will leave the tinted paper and odd styles in big envelopes and small to the young girl and the collegian and choose the always correct heavy cream paper, with a monogram or crest modestly emblazoned thereon.

It is not permissible to have the monogram put on the envelope. It is sufficient to have it at the head of the letter sheet.

The use of ruled paper is entirely relegated to school children and the untutored classes. With the present straggly styles of penmanship lines would be more of a hindrance than a help.

An excessively heavy black border is no longer the thing on mourning stationery, a narrower one having taken its place. A black monogram or crest may be stamped on the white paper.

The mistress of a handsome country home will always provide a quantity of stationery for the use of her guests, embellished with the fac-simile of her own handwriting of the name of the house. The guests are supposed as a matter of courtesy to conduct their correspondence on this paper.

Sealing wax is always in good form, although in these days of hurry few women, even of leisure, take time to place the dainty wax circlet on the envelope flap.

In England it is believed that hedgehog foresee and by their uneasy actions fore tell a coming storm.

thinness

The diseases of thinness are scrofula in children, consumption in grown people, poverty of blood in either. They thrive on leanness. Fat is the best means of overcoming them. Everybody knows cod-liver oil makes the healthiest fat.

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THE LADIES JOURNAL

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A Happy New Year.

BY B. C.

Good-by to the Old Year that's vanished,
Good-by to the sorrows and care!
Let grief from our friends be banished,
Of trouble we've all had our share.
The New Year, so joyous and smiling,
Comes in with a frolicsome bound,
And bids us, with laughter beguiling,
Shed mirth and good wishes around.
Then away with your sad ruminations,
Let's drink with a song and a cheer,
To ourselves, to our friends, and relations,
A health and a Happy New Year!

WITH THE NEW YEAR.

EMMA SAMMONS.

"Heap on more wood, the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer."

CHRISTMAS, the religious holiday of the whole world, has come and passed; the bells have rung in the new year, ninety-six, and the holidays, with all their gaiety, and gladness—and gloom and loneliness and sadness as well—are now but a memory.

We can look back to them but cannot live those days over again. They are gone with the things that are gone, and, when we remember how poorly we spent them, how we reproach ourselves. Hearts may be aching to-day because of our hatefulness—they may go on so through the years, and try as we may we cannot drive the pain away. Souls were around us on the verge of despair, and yet we took not a step to hold them back. Mortals were tempted and tried, almost beyond endurance, and we spoke no word of encouragement or sympathy. The friendless and the poor and the sick and the solitary we have neglected and passed by. Oh! how cold and selfish and mean we, nearly all of us, have been! And thus the New Year comes to us freighted with memories.

For the good that we have done there is so much of genuine satisfaction, and for the meanness so much of regret, that it ought to be lesson enough without this crude sermonette of mine.

The year of ninety-five has set sail on the ocean of time. It is one of those many ships which once and awhile set out to sail upon that shoreless sea and to return no more. We had a good long time to get our cargo ready, and to see that everything was fit for the inspection of the Master by and by when, in the port of eternity, all these ships of our years are anchored and unladened.

But a new ship has just come to our port to stay three hundred and sixty-five days.

It is new and bright and beautiful, and we welcome it, while we sigh as we look at the far distant sails of the old ship. Just at the last, we realize that we were not ready for its departure. We remember so many pieces of defective cargo that we are sure the Master will condemn. God help us, it is too late now to change the record of the past days. But, thank God, it is not too late to live this year as we now wish we had the old one.

THE NEW YEAR MAKING HIS PLANS.

The Woman in Business.

If it is true that there are now hundreds of avocations open to women where there were less than a hundred twenty years ago, it is also true that women have invented occupations that have proved practical money making creations. Woman has carried home wit into the great field of expediency and demand and has found money making not so difficult after all.

One energetic woman, whose husband has been financially unfortunate, decided to make a business of the life she was accustomed to lead, as there seemed to be nothing else for which she was specially adapted.

She sent a circular to all her friends and acquaintances, soliciting engagements to assist in preparing for entertainments. This including menus for dinner, lunch and breakfast parties, the furnishing of recipes when needed, arrangement of table management, of receptions for engagements, announcements, wedding ceremonies, etc.

Another woman, who lives in the country, has made a great success of jelly and jam making, having secured all the regular customers that she can well accommodate. Commencing with rhubarb in the early spring, she takes the fruit as they come in season each month, first making the jelly and using what remains for the jam, so that nothing is wasted.

Rhubarb, strawberries, crab-apples, currants and grapes are raised on her own place, and so profitable has the business become that she keeps quite a force at work throughout the season.

Soliciting life insurance among women is another branch of business that women have lately taken up, and in many cases are making it yield a good income. It requires a peculiar talent for the work, however, to make a success of it.

The profession of trained nurse pays perhaps better than almost any other workin which women are engaged, the wages ranging from $21 and upwards a week, including board, lodging and washing.

It is not every woman, who with the requisite training, has the patience, ready tact, sympathy and soothing influence essential to this calling; but for such as have, it is a profession where the demand is usually greater than the supply, and one to which some of the ablest and most intellectual women have devoted their lives.

Photography offers great possibilities to women of artistic taste and skill, as there is a growing demand for choice work in the different branches of the art—interiors, exteriors, landscapes, etc.

The standard of public taste has been raised much through the efforts of the amateur photographers among men and women who have the leisure and means toperfect themselves in thisart. It is an agreeable occupation for women, yields a good income, and does not require much capital.

"Don'ts" For Married People.

Don't nag.
Don't weep.
Don't lie to each other.
Don't go shopping together.
Don't gossip before children.
Don't buy your wife's hosiery.
Don't act like silly young lovers.
Don't be deceitful to each other.
Don't sleep all Sunday afternoon.
Don't let your wife cut your hair.
Don't accuse each other of shoring.
Don't be suspicious of one another.
Don't walk along the street in single file.
Don't call each other "Maw" and "Paw."
Don't mope ; enjoy yourselves occasionally.
Don't refer to your wife as "the old woman."
Don't get into the habit of drinking too much.
Don't talk shop all the time you are at home.
Don't insist that every visitor shall kiss the baby.
Don't use slang or profanity before your children.
Don't quarrel in public ; wait until you are at home.
Don't let your neighbors know all of your affairs.
Don't tell your husband he's growing gray and ugly.
Don't wink at each other while strangers are present.
Don't let your children run about the streets at night.
Don't give a farce comedy of your love on the streets.
Don't keep harping on the subject of "mother-in-law."
Don't worry your wife to death about business troubles.
Don't flirt unless you wish to break up the home circle.
Don't fail to take your wife to the show occasionally.
Don't spend more than half your time before a mirror.
Don't get into the habit of sewing on your own buttons.
Don't forget that man is much more selfish than woman.
Don't let your children talk disrespectfully of their elders.
Don't make fun of each other in the presence of strangers.
Don't forget the promises you made when you were married.
Don't try to look dignified while wheeling the baby carriage.
Don't leave the house in a temper. It will upset your whole day.
Don't imagine that yours is the only baby on the face of the earth.
Don't throw your young and pretty wife in the way of temptation.
Don't get jealous if other men admire your wife enough to call on her.
Don't bring friends home to dine without first informing your wife.
Don't trundle your baby on the sidewalk if there is a park convenient.
Don't take home a newspaper from which something has been clipped.
Don't neglect to raise your hat when you meet your wife out of doors.
Don't allow your husband to leave the house without a good breakfast.
Don't smoke all over the house if your wife has any objection to tobacco.
Don't pet one child more than another. Don't pet any of them too much.
Don't whine if your wife asks you to take her to walk when you feel tired.
Don't feel hurt if your husband spends an occasional evening at the club.
Don't talk about the hearts that you have crushed in the dim and checkered past.
Don't invite friends to dine unless you have thorough confidence in the cook.
Don't imagine that because you are the wage-earner your wife has no rights.
Don't accuse your husband of drinking every time you detect an odor of liquor.
Don't be afraid to apologize even if you have not been the cause of the quarrel.
Don't walk three yards apart if you are out in a rainstorm with only one umbrella.
Don't allow your children to know that you have ever had occasion for altercation.
Don't criticise your wife because she adopts all the whimsicalities of women's fashions.
Don't take the words out of each other's mouth while telling a story to third persons.
Don't forget that the marriage relation can never be a happy one without mutual sacrifices.
Don't throw your young husband too much into the company of fascinating and artful women.
Don't make biting remarks about "how different" things are when you have company to dinner.
Don't refuse your wife if she wants the last word. Let her have it ; it won't cost you anything.
Don't parade your children as if they were freaks ; it does not make the neighbors love you.
Don't allow yourselves to become so domestic as to be cut off entirely from social intercourse.
Don't give way to every temptation to be irritable. If you do you only make matters much worse.
Don't be forever reciting to your friends the daring exploits and wonderful adventures of your husband.
Don't make an awful fuss over every cent you give your wife. You were married with your eyes open.
Don't imagine that because you are married your wife has lost all interest in her former associations.
Don't get so much in the habit of speaking "baby talk" that you forget to converse in any other language.
Don't under any circumstances, speak about your wife to third persons except in the most flattering terms.
Don't insist that your husband walk the floor every night with the baby. This duty should be divided equally.
Don't forget that your wife is much superior to other women. If she were not, you would not have married her.
Don't enumerate for your husband's benefit the proposals you have received in the past. It only flatters his vanity.
Don't rifle your husband's pockets every night in the week. He may occasionally find use for some loose change.
Don't find fault with your wife because she spends much of her time shopping. Think of the money she saves on bargains.
Don't imagine your husband is faultless, nor, at the same time, that he has too many faults. There is a happy medium.
Don't scold because your wife wears balloon sleeves and because you've got to use a shoe horn when helping her on with her big coat.
Don't let your wife know you have a secret. If you do, there will be no further happiness until she knows what it is.
Don't insist on sitting in the same room with your daughter when she has a caller. If you cannot trust her lock her up in some asylum.
Don't invite relatives to the house oftener than courtesy requires. Relatives under such circumstances, are usually disturbing elements.
Don't argue with your wife when she is delivering a Caudle curtain lecture. The best cure for these tirades is a series of healthy and genuine snores.
Don't ever intimate to outsiders that you have had trouble with your other half. This may relieve your feelings but it will be sure to engender gossip.
Don't buy your husband a red, green and yellow necktie when his tastes run to nothing more anarchistic in color than a sober brown or dainty blue and white.
Don't imagine that love of the sort depicted in yellow-backed novels will make married life happy. Mutual respect and affection are much more serviceable in this regard.
Don't immediately accuse your husband of fibbing when he says he has just come from the lodge. By some curious combination of events that story may be true some day.
Don't forget that your first interests are concerned with your home. After that is properly taken care of, you may indulge in church fairs, missionary projects and amateur entertainments.
Don't think that married life is going to be a constant state of bliss. There are humps in the road which require mutual forbearance in order that they may be passed easily and gracefully.

Handkerchief Signals.

The handkerchief has ever since its inception been used as the signal flag of love. The following is the standard code of handkerchief signals:

1. Pressing the handkerchief against the lips —"Wish to become acquainted with you."
2. Wiping the eyes with it—"I am very sorry."
3. Let it fall—"Let us become friends."
4. Holding it with both hands—Indifference.
5. Rubbing a cheek with it—"I love you."
6. Drawing it through the hands—"I hate you."
7. Holding it against the right cheek—"Yes."
8. Holding it against the left cheek—"No."
9. Twisting it with the left hand—"Get away from here."
10. Twisting it with the right hand—"I love another."
11. Folding it—"I want to speak with you."
12. Throwing it over the right shoulder—"Follow me."
13. Holding it at opposite corners—"Wait."
14. Holding it against the forehead—"We are watched."
15. Holding it to the right eye—"You are changed."
16. Holding it to the left eye—"You are cruel."
17. Wrapping it around the index finger—"I am engaged."
18. Wrapping it around the middle finger—"I am married.".
19. Making it into a ball and closing the hand on it—"I am impatient."
20. —Touching the right eye with it—"Repeat your last signal."
21. Putting it into the pocket—"Enough for the present."

New Year's Toasts.

It is hoped that many will remember on New Year's day that it is better to give than to receive, and that the relief funds may be swelled accordingly.

May the new year give us all good health, good luck and plenty to do. With health one can be happy, with luck one can prosper and with work avoid temptation.

May the new year from this morning to its close be one crowded with peace, happiness and prosperity in your homes. May it be a year rich in real blessings for all people.

One Little Word.

One little word may pierce the heart
With sorrow keener than a knife,
And best of friends may quickly part
With feelings of such bitter strife.

One little word may kindness show
When all the world seems dark and drear,
And tears of deepest anguish flow,
One little word may often cheer.

One little word may help so much,
The weary with a heavy load;
A pleasant smile, a gentle touch,
Smooth places in the roughest road.

One little word may tempests calm,
When raging fierce within the breast.
A kindly word may fall like balm
And angry feelings soothe to rest.

One little word may be too late
Before fond hopes are buried low,
And often it may seal the fate
Of many lives for weal or woe.

How Austria Punishes Women.

In Austria a woman, no matter what she may do, is never regarded or treated quite as a criminal. She may rob, burn, kill—set every law at defiance, in fact, and break all the commandments in turn—without a fear of ever being called upon to face a gallows. She is not even sent to an ordinary prison to do penance for her sins; the hardest fate that can befall her, indeed, is to be compelled to take up her abode for a time in a convent. There the treatment meted out to her is not so much justice seasoned with mercy as mercy seasoned, and none too well, with justice. Even in official reports she is an "erring sister"—one who has, it is true, strayed from the narrow path, but quite involuntarily.

The convent to which Vienna sends its erring sisters is at Neudrof, only a few miles away from the city. There any woman who is convicted of crime or misdemeanor is at once transported. The Judge before whom she is tried decides, of course, how long she shall remain. He may, too, if he deems it right, give orders that while there she shall pass a day in solitary confinement from time to time, and, on these occasions, be less plentifully supplied with food than usual. In the great majority of cases, however, no instructions of this kind are given; the women are simply handed over to the keeping of the Superior of the convent, to be dealt with as she thinks best. She houses them, feeds them, clothes them, and provides them with instruction and occupation; and the government gives her for what she does .35 kreuzers a day (about seven pence) for each prisoner under her care.

So long as these women are in the convent the full responsibility for their safe-keeping and general well-being rests on the Superior; and, in return, she is allowed practically a free hand in her management of them. There are, it is true, certain regulations in force with regard to the amount of work they may be required to do and the punishments that may be inflicted on them; but these are not of a nature to interfere seriously with her freedom of action. She is, in fact, virtually an autocrat within her own domain; and there are not half a dozen women in Europe today who have so much power for the weal or woe of their fellows as she has. The only man attached to the place, a government inspector, is little more than her aide-de-camp; and as for the great officials who pay her flying visits from time to time, they are more inclined to seek advice than to give it.

The convent itself is a fine old building which once upon a time was a castle, and seems to have been strongly fortified. The religious community to which it now belongs received it as a present from its owner, who cared more for the church than for his heir. There is nothing in the appearance of the place to show that it is a prison; the courtyard stands open the whole day long, and there is never a guard within sight. The doorkeeper is a pretty little nun whom a strong woman could easily seize up in her arms and run away with. She welcomes all comers with the brightest of smiles, and leads them into the parlor without making a single inquiry. Although we went provided with all sorts of introductions, official and otherwise, it was only after much heart-searching that the Superior allowed us to pass through the great iron door which separates the part of the convent where the prisoners live from the rest of the building.

Even here there is nothing gloomy or prison-like about the place, and, beyond the fact of the door being kept locked, nothing to indicate that they who live there are subject to any special restraint. The beautiful old stone staircase was flooded with sunshine that morning and there was a smile on the faces of half the women we passed there. The Superior led the way into a large, cheerful-looking room in which some fifty women were working. Perhaps half a dozen of them were making match-boxes or buttons, and the others were doing fine needle-work, beautiful embroidery, lace, and wool work under the guidance of a sister who looked for all the world as if she had stepped straight out of one of Fra Angelico's pictures. She passes her life going about among these women distributing to each in turn directions, encouragement, or reproof, as the case may be, always with a smile on her lips—one, though, in which there is more patient endurance than gladness. Another sister, a woman with a strong, sphinx-like face, was sitting at the further end of the room on a raised platform. She is there to maintain discipline and guard against those outbursts of temper which, from time to time, disturb the harmony of life in this convent. As we entered the room all the women rose and greeted us in the most cheery fashion with what sounded like a couplet from an old chant. They speedily took up their work again, however, at a sign from the Superior.

It would be hard to find a more prosperous-looking set of women than these convent prisoners; to see them one would never dream that they were supposed to be undergoing punishment. They are perfect models of cleanliness and order, their hair is carefully dressed, their cotton gowns are quite spotless, and so are the bright-colored fichus they all wear. Physically they seem to be just about up to the average; but intellectually, so far as an outsider can judge, they are considerably either above or below the great mass of their fellows. Some of the faces are almost idiotic in their stupidity; others are quite startingly clever—keen, sharp, and sagacious. Although a few of the prisoners looked depressed or sullen, the great majority seemed not only contented but happy, happier by far than half the working-women one comes across in the outside world. There was a touch of something quite pathetic in the expression of more than one who was there; it was as if they had at length found rest and peace after much sore tossing, and were grateful.

Beautifying the Arm.

For the girl whose arm will not stand complete exposure in evening dress there is made a sleeve that fits close on the inside of the arm from the wrist to the hollow under the shoulder, and on the outer side of the arm is loose and puffed to the elbow. This sleeve is made of transparent material, and is laced up the inside of the arm, the flesh showing between the cords, while the draping on the puffs softens the elbows, though the transparency of the material allows the general contour of the arm to show. The bodice is made with a pointed yoke, lacing along its edges to the rest of the dress, and exposing slightly just that part of the neck which cannot help being smooth, no matter how thin the girl may be.

John Bright was never at school a day after he was fifteen years old.

How Turkish Women Dress.

In not a single respect is a Turkish lady's attire similar to that worn by the women of the Occident. Amazingly little is known, in fact, about the wardrobe of the women of the harem, and the average Canadian woman has little idea regarding it save that all Turkish women wear trousers and a veil.

The two most interesting and important points are that the Turkish woman wears no corsets and no stockings. She has nothing whatever in the place of corsets, but instead of stockings knitted woolen socks. Often these are open-worked very skillfully and have a mixture of silk threads. Some are elaborately embroidered in colors and in gold.

The very first garment the woman of the Orient puts on is a long-sleeved chemise of Broussa crepe gauze. This is made exactly like the seamless Holy Coat of Treves, and its neck is cut out and hemmed in a close roll.

The trousers are made most often of chintz or cretonne, and are vivid and startling in pattern and color. They are put on immediately after the chemise, and are about four inches longer than the leg. They are fastened by a drawing string at the waist, tied in front, and they hang down over the ankles.

The entarri, a garment taking the place of the trained skirts of the West, comes next. It is of cotton, wool, silk or satin, perhaps of rich brocade, perhaps of brilliant tint, but of whatever material it may be made, it is bright and gay. It consists of four breadths.

Next in order comes the sash and the jacket, the latter being only worn in warm weather. It is shaped like what we call an Eton jacket, and buttoned to the waist line with small jewels or gold buttons. The sleeves are sometimes elbow sleeves, always loose and often left flowing below the elbow. The curious thing about this jacket is that while it is well fitted in the back, all the portion that should cover the breast is cut away, leaving the entire bust exposed.

While the other portions of the costume worn by Turkish women are wonderfully picturesque, the most pride of all is taken in this jacket. Velvet, silk or satin are the materials used for it. The wives of the richest Mahometans have it embroidered with seed pearls, turquois or coral, and always with gold and silver threads.

Exceedingly important, too, really the most important article in this attire, is the yashmak, or Turkish veil. The Turkish woman wears no hat, but she nevertheless is not debarred from the usual feminine prerogative, for it is invariably in order for her to query whether her yashmak is on straight. In fact, a woman shows whether she has style or not by the way she wears this veil. It is a law of the Prophet that Mohametan women shall never be without it when outside of their homes, and this law is rigidly adhered to.

One valuable use the veil has. It etherializes by its folds the entire face, a very necessary thing when the feminine custom of painting the whole countenance is taken into consideration. Without her veil the Turkish woman looks rather ghastly when she is in full regalia. Her eyebrows are blackened with kohl, her lips are crimsoned, her cheeks are dyed carmine, and the rest of her face is whitened with arsenic paste or some similar compound.

The Way the Baby Slept.

This is the way the baby slept:
A mist of tresses backward thrown
By quavering sighs where kisses crept
With yearnings she had never known.
The little hands were closely kept
About a lily newly blown—
And God was with her. And we wept—
And this is the way the baby slept.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

LITTLE BOW-LEGS.

It certainly was a dreadful day in the middle of March: the sleet was being driven in clouds along the streets by a keen east wind, and roads and pavements were deep in slush. Nurse Grant paused just within the threshold of a small house in Old Road, Stepney, to unfurl her umbrella and gather up her skirts. "I will call again this evening, Mrs. Evans; but I think the danger is past for the present, and you need not be uneasy."

"Thank you, nuss, I'm sure. Please God, things will go better now."

"Well, I really think she is round the corner; but be sure she takes plenty of nourishment.—Good-morning."

"Oh, nuss, I nearly forgot, so I did! Will you just call at No. 9 and see Little Bow-legs?"

The nurse nodded; she was already out in the street, and the wind would have drowned any verbal reply. Her black veil was blown across her face, her umbrella creaked with the strain upon it, and nurse gave a little shiver as she hurried along, pushed on by the wind as by unseen hands. When she reached No. 9, she gave a sharp double rap at the knocker, and then watched a grating in the pavement to the left. A face appeared below it presently, and nurse nodded; a moment after the door swung open, and nurse dived into the welcome shelter.

"Very dark down-stairs to-day, isn't it, Miss Moses?"

"It is so, nurse; but I'm glad all the rooms are let."

"I'd rather have one up-stair room unlet, I think, and get more light and air. I wonder I don't have you for a patient, living in a cellar like that;" and nurse shook her head severely and began to climb the stairs. On the second landing she opened a door and entered a low room lit by one small dirty window. There was a bed in one corner of the room, and a large table covered with crockery, sewing materials, papers, &c., stood in the middle. The walls were hung with bird-cages of every description, some wretched little wooden things, others nice large breeding-cages, and all occupied by birds, who were fluttering and singing and filling the room with noise. Several strings were stretched across the ceiling, from which damp garments were hung; and diving under these, nurse reached the fireplace, before which a small boy was sitting. He had not heard her enter because of the birds; but directly he saw her, he got up from the floor, and seizing various rags, threw them over the cages from which the loudest songs were thrilling, and then pushed forward a chair and said: "Sit down." He was a boy of about seven, with a well-shaped head and clear pale complexion; on his face was a grave expression, as of one weighed down by weary experiences.

"He is very ill, nurse. Do you think he can live? He is to be my very own, if he does;" and he held up a wretched-looking canary he had been cuddling under his coat.

"It looks very ill, Jim. Has it caught cold?"

"I b'lieve so. He used to sing beautiful, better nor all the others put together, and now I think he'll die."

"I hope not.—But you didn't send for me to see the canary, did you?"

"No, nurse." The boy paused and covered up his bird. "I want to go to the 'ospital.'

"I'm afraid, dear boy, they can't do anything for you there."

"Oh yes, they can; they can do most anything. Do take me."

"But, Jim, it would be a horrid operation, and you would have to stay in bed for weeks."

"I don't care; I don't care for nuffin, so as to be like other boys. Now, I can't run, but I tumbles down, and they shouts after me everywhere: 'There goes Little Bow-legs!'" The boy's voice quivered, and nurse looked distressed.

Just then the door opened, and a woman came in with a black bundle in her arms. "Bless me, nurse, is that you? Sure you are good to that boy. I dunno what he would do without the books you lend him, for he can't play like other boys."

"Is that work, Mrs. Millan?—How are you getting on?"

The woman unpinned the black bundle and threw it on the bed. "Flannel trousers, nurse. A nice job to do in a muck of a room like this. They birds sprinkle dirty water over everything."

"Better than no work; and the birds paid the doctor's bill last year."

"That's true too.—How's Betty Evans?"

"She is much better to-day.—About this boy of yours, Mrs. Millan; he says he wants to go to the hospital to see if they can straighten his legs. What do you wish?"

"Wish! I wish I'd never married his father. He's got his father's legs, and he'll get his father's temper soon, I specs."

"I don't know anything about his father; but I think Jim is the best and most intelligent boy of his age that I know.—Do you wish him to go to the hospital?"

"As he likes," replied Mrs. Millan carelessly. "I don't believe nothing will make those legs straight. 'Taint as though it were an accident; it runs in the family."

"If anything could be done, it would probably be by breaking the bones of both legs, and the boy would be in bed a month.—Could you lie quietly on your back for four weeks, Jim?"

"Yes, or a year so as I should be like other boys."

"If he's set on it, nurse, he'd better go, if you can give him a letter."

"I will give him a letter," said nurse, rising. She glanced round the crowded little room, and longed to put in a plea for more space and light; but experience had taught her it was useless. The Millans were very respectable; but the husband was an enthusiastic politician, and his spare time and cash were devoted to the cause of his particular creed. He also had legs so bowed as to be a hideous deformity, and perhaps this had helped to embitter the man's spirit. Poor Mrs. Millan had a hard time of it often with this cantankerous husband of hers; and her speech had grown very sharp, her nature hard, through constant collision with the man she had married from love and pity. She had to work to keep the home together; and small room though that home consisted of, it was often difficult to pay the rent. So nurse made no complaint of the untidy close room, but wrapped her cloak around her, and nodding good-bye to Jim, went forth into the storm-driven streets again.

That very afternoon she applied to the matron of the District Nursing Society, and secured an out-patient's letter for Little Bow-legs. She scarcely thought the surgeons would attempt to straighten such crooked limbs; but the boy might become more content were he once persuaded that his burden was inevitable.

Mrs. Millan took Jim to the hospital the next Saturday afternoon. They found many friends in the out-patients' waiting-hall, and Mrs. Millan enjoyed a good gossip before Jim's turn came to enter the surgeon's room. At last the porter passed her in; and a nurse in a white cap and apron came forward and took the letter, and after glancing at it, stripped off Jim's shoes and stockings and set him on a chair before the surgeon. A few rapid questions were asked, and several of the students examined the legs.

"My boy, do you want your legs put straight!" asked the surgeon at last.

"Yessir."

"You are quite sure you are willing to bear some pain?"

"Yessir."

"Give him a ticket for the children's ward, Smith.—Next case, nurse."

Jim's heart failed him for a moment when he found himself in the long ward with so many curious eyes fixed on him as he walked along in his ungainly manner. Every one seemed very busy; and a nurse whisked a screen round a crib and slipped Jim into bed in no time, and then dismissed his mother, telling her to come again the next afternoon. Jim pulled the clothes over his head and cried a little; but presently a baby girl in the next crib began crowing at him, and Jim played bo-peep with her through the bars. Gradually he gathered courage to look around. There were such lots of pictures and toys and flowers about in this large bright room, that Jim thought it must be like the fairy palace in the book Nurse Grant had lent him. Presently there came down the ward a tall woman in a dark dress, but wearing a soft white cap with long floating strings, and a dainty apron. She had the most beautiful face Jim had ever seen, and she was always smiling. There were some people who knew Sister Mona well who said that when she wasn't smiling her face was the saddest face on earth. But Jim never saw Sister without a smile; and because of the love and compassion that dwelt in her eyes, he always thought she looked like the photograph of the Christ which hung opposite his bed. The Sister stood beside his crib while she read his entrance ticket; then she had a look at the poor crooked legs. She talked cheerfully to Jim all the time, but seemed to understand, as no one else had done, what a grievous affliction is an ever-present deformity. However the next day when Mrs. Millan came, Sister took he into her own little room and asked her seriously to consider whether she desired her son to undergo an operation before she came to a final decision.

"Bless me Sister, I brought him here for an operation. I certainly ain't ageing to take him out again. He gave me no peace till I brought him; now here he must stop till summat's done."

Sister turned away and went to question Jim; but he only reiterated his mother's statements. His one wish was to be like other boys.

It was Tuesday afternoon when the celebrated surgeon, Mr. Pell Taylor, came to make a thorough examination of Jim. He was followed by a crowd of students, to whom he pointed out the most remarkable features of the case. He bade them notice the absence of all signs of rickets; he commented on the strangeness of such a deformity being inherited; and he told them that the outside world would say osteotomy was a cruel operation, not to be undertaken merely for the cure of a deformity; yet it was at the express wish not only of the parent, but of the small patient himself, that he was about to perform that operation. And in conclusion he bade the dresser of the case make a cast of the legs as they then were, and told Sister to have Jim in the theatre the next day at three o'clock.

After all poor Little Bow-legs was only a child, and was very frightened when the time for the operation drew near. But he knew nothing about it. He remembered waking up and feeling very sick, and his legs pained him, and he cried a great deal. Then he slept again; but when he woke, the pain was still there, and his head ached, and he cried again. Then Sister came and tried to soothe him, but he scarcely heeded her till she said: "Look at your legs, Jim."

He dried his eyes, and Sister threw off the bedclothes—and there were two straight legs tightly bandaged up between thin wooden boards, and slung from an iron cradle. He gazed in amazement.

"That's right, dear; don't cry any more, for

you are no longer Little Bow-legs.—Drink some milk, and go to sleep."

For the next few days Jim was very quiet; his legs were rather painful, and he had to lie flat on his back always. Then gradually he got more cheerful than he had been in his life before, he chatted with the other children and played with the toys the nurses gave him, and whenever his bed was made, he gazed anxiously at those two straight legs in the wooden splints. Did they really belong to him? Should he ever stand upright on them and walk like other boys? Mrs. Millan came constantly to see Jim, for she was a good mother as East-end mothers go. She was never cruel to the boy; she was even kind to him in her own way; but she never dreamed of petting or carressing him.

"How's my bird, mother?" Jim always asked.

"Oh, it's all right: ever so much better nor it was when you was always foolin' it about. I reckon you'd better sell it before next winter, though. You'd get five shillings for it easy."

Jim had another plan in his mind, but he kept it secret for the present. At last, after many days of patient waiting, came the anxious time when the splints were to be removed. The great surgeon himself was there to see the result of his skill; and oh! with what suspense Jim watched while bandage after bandage was unrolled and the bits of wood were taken away. He held his breadth while Mr. Pell Taylor ran his hand over the thin little legs and lifted first one and then the other.

"Yes, that's all right, Mr. Roberts. Wonderfully successful!—Where are those casts?"

Sister fetched the casts of the two little bow-legs out of a cupboard, and Mr. Roberts put them side by side with the two straight limbs which Jim was eyeing so anxiously. Were they really his legs? He tried to move one, and it felt dreadfully heavy and queer, still it did move a little, and certainly the great surgeon seemed content.

"Splendid! splendid!" he exclaimed. "We must have a cast of the legs as they are now, and keep both for comparison.—Put a plaster of Paris bandage on now; but before the boy goes out, be sure and take a cast.'

"Is it all right, Sister? Shall I be able to walk on them?" whispered Jim.

"Yes; it is quite right. You shall run races and win them, in a week or two."

The next time Mrs. Millan came, Jim told her the good news with a smile. The old grave expression was leaving his face, and he was always laughing now.

"I suppose you'll be home soon?" said his mother.

"I s'pose so.—Do you think father would give me a cage for my bird? I've got tenpence here the doctors and people have gave me.'

"Bless me, child, you can keep the bird where it is till you sell it."

"But it's my very own bird, mother, and I don't want to sell it. I want to give it to the doctor what made my legs straight."

"You little stupid! he don't want a bird."

"Please bring it next time, mother, and let me try."

Sister was rather dismayed when she found a canary in full song located at Jim's bedside; but when she learnt what was in the boy's mind, she was greatly pleased. A few days afterwards she came running down the ward; and none of the children had ever seen Sister run before, so they called out: "Hi Sister!"—"Golly! look at Sister running!" But Sister only smiled, and ran on till she reached Jim, who was sitting on a small chair with two crutches by his side. Sister seized the cage and put it in Jim's hand and whisked away the crutches. Just then Mr. Pell Taylor entered the ward, followed by the usual crowd of students.

"Now Jim," said Sister," "walk to meet him and offer him the bird."

Jim struggled to his legs and walked down the ward, firmly and uprightly, till he met the great surgeon. "For you, sir," said Jim, holding up the cage, "'cause you have cured my bandy legs."

ELOCUTIONARY.

Farmer John.

OR "THE NEW WOMAN" ON THE FARM.

Said Farmer John to his wife one day
"You wimmen folks must manage some way,
An' do su'thin' ruther to airn the cash
To buy your furbelows an trash;
"I tell you," said he, "it's mighty tough
An' is usin' a man most allfired rough
To keep him forever down in the ditch,
To buy your dresses and music and sich."

"Why, father!" said she in a voice weak and thin,
"Don't the girls and I bring anything in?"
"Wal, yes in course, but reely," said he,
"Housework don't 'mount to nothin' yer see.
It takes clean farmin' an' good big crops
An' stiddy peckin' to bring in the rocks;
An' it's kind o' tough when all on it goes
For flowers an' feathers an' furbelows."

"Well, father please tell us," said daughter Bess,
"What shall we live on, and how shall we dress?
Puddings and doughnuts don't grow on the trees,
Nor can we be clothed like Adam in leaves;
Just give us the poultry, the milk, fruit and honey,
And we'll never ask you for any more money.
We'll raise chickens and turkeys, make butter and cheese,
We'll take care of the fru't and attend to the bees."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the farmer with chuckle and grin
"You kin hev all o' that and the truck patch throw'd in;
An' I'll plow it an' harrer it nice an' fine,
But putt'rin' with garden sass ain't in my line.
But you mus' s'ply the table outer your cash
Before buyin' gewgaws an' sich kind o' trash
Mother an' Sue du you gree with Bess?"
Mother quietly nodded and Sue answered "yes."

Then as Farmer John went away to his work
He said to himself, "I don't want to shirk
Any duty or responsibil'ty but then
I kin help 'em out of their troubles agen.
They've tried it an' failed an' gen up they're beat
In tryin' to make both financial ends meet,
An' mebby they'll 'con'mize a leetle more when
They've larnt the reel cost of a dollar, like men."

Now Farmer John's heart was lightsome and gay,
And he whistled serenely as much as to say
"I'll roll up a few hundred dollars or more,
To add to the pile that's already in store;
Fur it stan's to reason an' natur' too
'T I can't allus work the way I now do;
An' if I don't save fur the rainy day,
Who's goin' to do it? That's what I say."

"Now mother," said Bess, on the very first day
They tried the new plan to make housekeeping pay,
"I think we're rich and I'm glad for one,
That there's something new here under the sun;
We will all of us work with a hearty good will,
With you for our teacher and guide until
We take our diplomas on butter and cheese,
And on growing celery, cabbage, and peas."

"And you still further our banker shall be;"
"No, no," said the mother "we're partners all three,
We'll share in the work, and share in the pay,
And then all consult how to spend the best way."
Then mother and daughters grew merry and bright,
An' sang at their work from morning till night
While Farmer John wondered and puzzled his head
The sequel to fathom but not a word said.

And Farmer John's table had its full supply
Of milk, butter and cheese, pickles, pudding and pie;
Garden sauce, fruit and eggs with poultry and honey,
But never a word did he hear about money.
The mother and daughters were neat and trim,
And the house was as tidy and as nice as a pin,
As for mothers and daughters themselves I ween,
A happier trio than they was ne'er seen.

When the harvest was ended and stored away,
Then Farmer John said to his wife one day;
"Wal, mother a very good harvest this year,
I cal'late I've made a cool two hundred clear;
That depends, come to think"—with a poor sickly grin,—
"On how deep inter debt you three've got me in."

"No, we've kept free from debt and have money in store.
Though it's not very much, it's three hundred or more.
Bess can now study music and Sue go to school,
Without as you see, breaking over our rule
To keep out of debt"—Was Farmer Jones dumb?
No, he simply remarked, "Wal I never, I vum?
If you three are spec'mens I can't see no harm
"That 'the new woman' does—when she lives on a farm."

What Victoria Could Do.

As a matter of fact, says London Tit-Bits, our sovereigns have rarely taken any active part in politics since George III.'s time, but they could still do some very astonishing things if they chose. The Queen could dismiss every Tommy Atkins in our army, from the commander-in-chief to the youngest drummer boy. She could disband the navy in the same way, and sell all our ships, stores and arsenals to the first customer that came along. Acting entirely on her own responsibility, she could declare war against any foreign country, or make a present to any foreign power of any part of the empire. She could make every man, woman and child in the country a peer of the realm, with the right, in the case of males who are of age, to a seat in the house of lords. With a single word she could dismiss any government that happened to be in power, and could, it is believed, pardon and liberate all the criminals in our jails. These are a few of the things the Queen could do if she liked; but it is not necessary to say that her majesty never acts in matters of state, except on the advice of the government for the time being.

Old Scotch Practices.

At New Year's in Scotland children make calls upon their older friends and sing in front of the house, after the style of Christmas carols:

Get up, gude wife, and shake your feathers.
Dinna think that we are beggars.
We are children out for play.
Gie's oor cakes an let's away.

Of a different class are the men who, wearing disguises, call begging upon their richer neighbors and shout:

Get up, gude man; be na sweer,
And deal out bread as long as you're here.
The day will come when you will be dead.
You'll neither care for meat nor bread.

My Wealth.

Gold! gold! have I, a goodly share,
You laugh and, doubting, ask me where—
Unbraid my little daughter's hair.

Two gems have I, of greatest prize,
Twin sapphires of a wondrous size—
Just look within her shining eyes.

Two shells have I, of pink, pink pearl,
Pale as the bud that would unfurl—
The pretty ears of my wee girl.

Two bands of ivory, dazzling white,
All I possess environ quite
Her dimpled arms clasped round me tight.

Every Housewife Should Know

That apples will often relieve cases of nervous dyspepsia.

That the fold of the blanket in making a bed belongs at the foot.

That pails and tubs may be kept from shrinking by painting them with glycerine.

That pans for baking are more easily greased with a small paint brush than the usual untidy bit of paper.

That a marinade is a liquor of spices, vinegar, &c., in which fish or meats are steeped before cooking.

That to make cut glass glisten and sparkle, it should be sprinkled with sawdust and then rubbed with chamois.

That dairy salt sprinkled over the carpet before sweeping will effectually lay the dust and also brighten the colors.

That a too rapid boiling ruins the flavor of any sauce. It must boil once, but should never do more than simmer afterwards.

That to relieve asthma soak blotting or tissue paper in strong saltpetre water. Then dry it and let it burn at night in the bedroom.

That when meat or oysters are to be dipped in egg for frying purposes it is well to dilute each egg with one tablespoonful of warm water.

That articles of old furniture are sometimes made to appear like new by washing them with lime water and then applying a coat of oil.

That birds with white flesh like partridge should be as well cooked as a barnyard fowl. The average plump partridge should be cooked from thirty-five to forty minutes.

That it is very important to keep copper utensils used in the kitchen scrupulously clean, for moisture and grease will corrode the copper and produce verdigris, which is a strong poison.

That a good cologne water is made after the following recipe: Sixty drops each of oil of lavender, oil of bergamot, oil of lemon and orange flower water mixed with one pint of alcohol. Cork and shake well.

That to make spiced cookies take two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of lard, one egg, two-thirds of a cupful of sweet milk, three and one-half cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and one nutmeg.

That to prevent a joint becoming too brown during the process of baking, it should be covered with a piece of grease-proof paper, which, however, should be removed about twenty minutes before the meat is taken out of the oven.

That apple jelly is improved by dropping a rose geranium leaf in each tumbler. It is said to give a peculiarly delicious flavor to the jelly. A pan of lime set on the shelf near the jelly glasses is supposed to prevent mould from appearing.

That gas globes should be well washed with a sponge in tepid water, in which a little soda and blue have been dissolved. Then they should be turned down to drain and afterwards wiped with a dry towel and polished with a piece of soft kid.

That the brownie quilt is the latest addition to the nursery, and it amuses the little folks greatly. All the brownies are stamped on a fabric suitable for quilting, and each brownie forms one patch. The brownies may be bought by the yard, and are seen in their brightest colors and looking their funniest.

That a simple time rule in cooking game allows eighteen or twenty minutes' roasting for either canvasback or redhead duck, fifteen minutes for teal, eighteen or twenty minutes for grouse, twelve or fifteen minutes for doe birds, ten minutes for either plover or woodcock and eight or ten minutes for English snipe. Tender, plump quail require from fifteen to eighteen minutes.

That to make good nut kisses take one coffee cup of chopped walnuts, one cup chopped raisins, one cup pulverized sugar. Beat five whites of eggs very stiff, add sugar, raisins and walnuts. Drop on buttered tins and dry in a moderate oven until delicate brown. This will make 100 small cakes, which are best three or four days old. Add small teaspoonful of vanilla. Do not use English walnuts.

That a cake of bark soap and a small piece of black cloth should always be on hand to take spots out of dark clothing. It is perfectly harmless, and will remove ordinary stains as well as benzine, which is both dangerous and disagreeable. Dip the cloth in warm water, rub it well with the soap, and in turn rub the spots with it. Sponge off the lather and you will probably see no traces of dirt.

That to make cheese fritters beat the white of an egg only partly, then grate into it as much dry cheese as the egg will hold, make into round balls, about the size of a good-sized butter ball and roll in egg and bread crumbs, and then again in egg and bread crumbs and fry in very hot lard, hot enough to brown them by just putting your wire basket in and taking it out again as quickly as possible.

That to mend winter flannels they should be taken in hand before they are too dilapidated. Cut the worn spots out and knit with wool thread a square just a trifle larger than the one cut out. Now, with the same kind of wool, buttonhole the aperture in the garment all around the edge and then crochet the patch in. This when washed will look very much like the original flannel, and is warranted to outwear the garment itself.

That delicious croquettes to serve as an entree are made of chestnuts. Shell and blanch them and then boil until tender. Mash enough of the boiled nuts to make a pint and season with a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of red pepper, a teaspoonful of onion juice and an ounce of butter. Mix the ingredients well and shape into little rolls. Dip in egg, then in fine bread crumbs and fry in deep fat heated until it smokes.

That codfish served after the following recipt makes a novel and delicious dish for a home luncheon: Cook five or six slices of salt codfish. Drain and let them get cold, then clean off the skin and shape into neat pieces. Season with pepper, oil and the juice of one lemon. Let this stand for one hour. Now flour the piecet and dip them in the yoke of an egg and then in bread crumbs, frying in boiling lard. Serve on a hot dish with bits of cut lemon.

That eggs prepared after the following recipe are good as a change for a breakfast dish: Take a dozen hard-boiled eggs, cut them in halves and scoop out the yoke. Mix the yolks with some finely-minced cold veal and hams mushroom, onion, a little lemon juice and salt and pepper to taste. Stuff the white halves carefully with this mixture, put the two halves together, tie a piece of thread around them, roll them lightly in egg and bread crumbs and fry to a light brown.

That the plumbing must be kept in perfect order. The most approved sort of plumbing is not too good and not too expensive. When it is possible it is desirable to have bath-room floor of marble and the walls tiled. The tub should be of procelain and the fixtures of nickel. In such a room as this it is an energetic germ that can find a lodging place. But even if tiles and marble are out of the question the arrangement of the pipes must be according to the sanitary code.

Small Things.

Let us never forget to take time to leave our good-by kiss and a few pleasant words with our loved ones, even if the parting is to be only a day long, only a day, still how little we can know of what might happen in its short space of time and the dear one who smiles so joyously at you this morning may often before the setting of the sun have gone on that long journey from which no traveler ever returns.

How essential to our peace of mind if such should be the case that we have nothing to regret.

No matter how hard the day's work may be 'twill surely be lightened by a remembrance of pleasant words and a "God speed." Then let us be sure to also speak kind appreciative words to those whom we love. By and by when they can no longer hear us we shall bitterly repent of our hastily spoken harsh words. What ever does possess us to give up to that cross, nervous feeling and all in a moment rob some loved one's whole day of its sunshine. When one does it they are the worst kind of a robber for they have robbed someone of their happiness and content, and no one can afford to lose either of them. How often we see families who are kind and considerate to strangers and still never seem to consider it necessary to show the same consideration for those whom they love the best, and those small courtesies which are so precious when offered by one's own family, are wholly ignored. They are struggling for fame, or covet wealth perhaps and the kind words are left unsaid, the little deeds of kindness left undone. They have no time to stop to lift the little child to their arms and soothe its real or imaginary woes, and they never thought to kiss the sick mother good-by or read awhile for the aged father and then all at once they wake to find that it is too late, too late. Oh, fathers and mothers do stop in your hurly burly rushing life and take time to become acquainted with your children, give them more of your counsel and companionship and bestow upon them more love and caresses, tell them how deeply, show them how much you respect them and this will give them that feeling of self respect which is so pleasing in our young folks. How we all admire the person who as they pass down the street have a pleasant, cheery good morning or a nod and smile for those whom they meet, and the sun seems to shine a little brighter afterward and it gives us a little more courage to fight life's battles. How differently we feel when some sour, sullen, morose person meets us or just merely grunts in response to our greeting. Oh, for more kindness, more love and more charity, surely this old world needs them badly.

At Twilight.

I hear the sound of a soft footfall,
A laugh that is elfin sweet.
A lisping word and a cooing call,
As down the length of the shadowy hall
Falter her baby feet.
She pauses a-tiptoe at the door,
With her bonny eyes ashine.
Her face holds wisdom beyond my store,
And I clasp her close to my heart once more,
With her fair little cheek to mine.

But my arms clasp only the empty air,
The lullaby dies unsung.
I lose the gleam of her golden hair,
And the little face, so childish fair,
And the lisp of her baby tongue.
And then I remember; she lies asleep,
Her story has all been told,
And whether I wake or whether I weep,
There still is a mystery strange and deep,
Which Time can never unfold.

But I sometimes fancy I catch the gleam
Of her hair, in the still of the night,
And the lilt of her hand in a pale moonbeam,
Or her eyes meet mine in a waking dream
As I sit in the dim twilight
'Tis then, I fancy, she turns her face
That has grown so heavenly fair,
From where she stands in that shinning place,
And looks toward me thro' the starry space,
With the smile that the angels wear.

RINGS AND RING-LORE.

Cromwell's signet ring bore his crest, a lion rampant.

The finger ring was the earliest ornament adopted by man.

Every Roman freeman was entitled to wear an iron ring.

Wedding rings were used in Egypt 3000 years before Christ.

Augustus wore a ring charm to protect him from thunder storms.

Betrothal rings came into use in Europe as early as the ninth century.

The ring of Childeric is still preserved in the Imperial Museum in Paris.

After Hugh Capet every French King wore a ring as part of the royal regalia.

Rings with bangles attached have been worn in India from the earliest times.

Chaucer in more than one place alludes to the thumb ring as common in his time.

Roman embassadors sent abroad wore a ring as part of their State dress.

Early Celtic rings were executed in interlaced work, often of very intricate patterns.

The State ring of the Pope is set with a large cameo bearing a portrait of Christ.

The ring of the Jewish high priest was invested, by tradition, with many mystic powers.

Luther habitually wore a small ring, in which the setting represented a death's head.

In many female religious orders the ring is used during the ceremony of receiving a novice.

When peers are created in Great Britain a ring is used during the ceremony of investiture.

Down to the sixteenth century every physician in Europe wore a ring as a badge of his profession.

Greek legends declared that the mystic ring of Gyges, the King of Lydia, made the wearer invisible.

Lorenzo de Medici wore a ring which, according to tradition, had once belonged to the Emperor Nero.

Most of the mediaeval kings wore and used signet rings because they were unable to write their names.

Anglo-Saxon rings were fashioned after knotted cables, the knot being worn on the outside of the hand.

In the later Roman Empire rings cut from solid stone, generally agate or onyx, became fashionable.

The serpent ring, or ring made in the shape of a serpent, was a favorite in Rome during the ater republic.

Until the seventeenth century a ring formed part of the official dress of every priest in the Roman Church.

At various times during the Roman Empire loyal subjects wore in their rings portraits of the reigning emperor.

In the tombs of ancient Egypt, dating probably not later than 3000 B C., are found gold rings of fair workmanship.

Shakespeare's ring, or at least a ring supposed to be his, was found a few years ago in a meadow near the Avon.

Wedding rings of plain gold, without outward ornament or inscription, were in use as early as the sixth century.

According to the traditions of the East, Solomon conquered all his enemies through the mystic properties of his ring.

Roman gladiators often wore brass rings so heavy that a blow from the fist was sometimes known to kill an adversary.

Three wedding rings were used at the marriage of Mary Stuart, and all three did not keep her faithful to her husband.

Anglo-Saxon and Celtic rings commonly bore the name of the wearer, and are believed to have been used as signets.

The "fisherman's ring" is the signet of the Pope. Its bezel bears an impression of St. Peter in his boat with fishing nets.

The bishop's ring was formerly set with any gem. Generally, however, it is at present set with an amethyst or sapphire.

The ancient Egyptians and Israelites, in addition to finger rings, wore rings in their ears, and frequently also in their noses.

At the death of the Pope, it was formerly the custom to break his ring. This practice was discontinued in the present century.

All the state rings of the British sovereigns are preserved, either in the British Museum or among the regalia of the crown.

Richard I. of England had a ring set with a bloodstone. His enemies attributed his daring and success to the influence of this jewel.

In the fourteenth century astrological rings were fashionable in Italy. The settings were carved with various emblems and symbols.

Roman Generals were permitted, by an edict of the Senate, to wear rings bearing portraits of the adversaries they had overcome.

The Empress Plotina had a gold thumb ring weighing 6 ounces, which bore her portrait. This ring is now in the British Museum.

Trinity rings were formerly fashionable in France. The setting was in three divisions, and bore representations of Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

After the battle of Canae, Hannibal sent to the Carthaginian Senate 3 bushels of gold rings, taken from the fingers of dead Roman Knights.

During the reigns of the first ten Caesars no Roman citizen below the rank of knight might wear a gold ring save by permission of the Emperor.

Among the Greeks, after the time of Alexander the Great, the portrait of that monarch set in a ring was supposed to bring the warrior good luck.

Queen Elizabeth was extravagantly fond of rings. In her jewel case after her death there were found 752 rings of various descriptions and value.

The mummies of the royal Princesses of Egypt often had rings on their fingers. In one case twenty-three were found on the hands of one mummy.

In both Egypt and Assyria porcelain rings were in common use. They were often painted with great delicacy, the painting being burned into the enamel.

In the seventh and eighth centuries, at every wedding among wealthy Saxons, numbers of gold rings were given away to friends as mementos of the occasion.

Dial rings were common in France and Germany during the last century; by holding one up to the sun the time of day could be approximately ascertained.

In the time of Augustus portrait rings came into fashion, probably for betrothals or engagements. The portraits of the happy pair were graven on the setting.

Roman dandies in the first, second and third centuries of our era wore heavy rings in winter, which they exchanged for others of lighter weight during the summer.

Among Solon's laws there is one forbidding jewelers to retain copies, models or impressions of signet rings which they had made. This was to prevent forgery.

Pliny tells of Arellius Fuscus, who, being expelled from the equestrian order and therefore not permitted to wear gold rings, replaced them with those made of silver.

The ring composed of several loops, which fell apart when a spring was pressed, was frequently used in the fifteenth century as a betrothal, and sometimes as a wedding ring.

The Princess of Wales.

The Princess of Wales' birthday is December 5. A ball is always given at Sandringham in honor of the occasion, which is attended by the "county" families as well as the tenants of the estate.

The invitation cards always say 10 o'clock," and shortly after that hour the beautiful white and gold ball room at Sandringham is crowded with guests, the brilliancy of the same being enhanced by the members of the West Norfolk Hunt Club, who all wear pink hunting coats.

Soon after 10:30, the royal party enter the ball room to the strains of the national anthem. Some duke of high degree, possibly the duke of Cambridge, comes first, leading the Princess of Wales, followed by the prince, with a grand lady on his arm. Upon one occasion, the Duchess of Manchester was thus honored. The princess Victoria of Wales comes next, escorted possibly by the high sheriff of Norfolk, with the princess Maud following, led by a prince or a duke or a lord.

After the procession, which is made up of a lot of royalties and nobilities, has made the grand tour of the room, the first quadrille is formed, in which the Princess of Wales as well as others of the royal party join.

At the last birthday ball, one old tenant was heard to remark,

"Year after year, the princess looks just the same."

Indeed, she is always lovely and charming and so beautifully dressed; for instance to again quote "The last ball," her gown was of black satin and black lace, with large clusters of deep red roses, nestling in the lace ruche around the hem of the skirt and continued up one side.

The bodice was also trimmed with red roses, in her train she wore a diadem of brilliants and red roses and around her throat a lovely necklace of diamonds and the order of Victoria and Albert. Her ball dress was made with the old-fashioned court bodice, the shoulder strap drooping onto the arm.

The Princesses Victoria and Maud are usually dressed alike and more often than not in white—possibly white silk and tulle, with silver embroidery.

The Prince of Wales always wears hunting pink upon these occasions, and the broad blue ribbon of the star of the garter. The royal party leave the ball room about 3 o'clock, but it is considerably past 4 before the last carriage rolls through the Norwich gates.

The programme of dances is always printed prettily in various colors and kept as a souvenir by the guests to remind them of "My last ball at Sandringham."

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BARGAIN DAY FOLLIES.

The craze for bargains, fostered no doubt by the special times set apart by leading storekeepers for securing such, is becoming more and more widespread and if it continues increasing will ere long totally destroy the fashion of genuine, straightforward purchasing. Did housekeepers but calmly consider the question of bargains they would see that it is all a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul, and although they may be getting a bargain in Peter yet their gain will be loss to the purchaser of Paul. True some shoppers think they are cute enough never to be caught purchasing anything but bargains but again we state someone has to suffer for this "cuteness."

In a certain home in Toronto a bargain fiend has a curious collection of nondescript articles that will come in useful some day she placidly tells you and when you look rather dubious she is sure to remark, "They were such bargains you know." To enumerate the list would be too long an ordeal but a few "catches" must be noted. 1st, A roll of gimp, "only two cents a yard and always handy." Now as a matter of fact gimp is scarcely worn at all this season and the huge roll is a white elephant, true its only a 25 cent elephant, but even so, it cumbers up the house. 2nd, Numerous yards of velveteen black and colored, "so handy when you are making over the children's dresses, you know." No, we don't know, for when the dresses come to be made over it is found more profitable to take a third dress to renovate two others, the goods being in better accord and already partly worn and hence the velveteen is not needed. 3rd Shirts, collars, and cuffs for the good husband, odd sizes, and none suitable for his height or bulk, "The boys will grow to them" is the palliating explanation. Well, they may, but before they do they will crave the privilege of choosing their own underclothing. It is impossible as every one knows to purchase anything to suit the boyman of to-day, and we wager one of Mrs.——so-called bargains that her Tom and Charlie will spurn the shopworn old-fashioned bargains secured by their too ardent mother some months or years ago. We might go on and tell of the numerous piles of stuff "all ready for use" that will never be used, of the tired mother reading with assiduity the advertisers' columns for bargains more bargains, most bargains, but enough has been said to give a fair idea of the follies of bargain hunting and bargain getting.

WOMEN AND ACCOUNTS.

If you want to learn the true value of money start keeping accounts. When the cold hard facts in the shape of figures, stare impressively and almost boldly up into your faces they make one realize what such and such a luxury costs, and what an important place the sum holds in the total amount of the money spent. When the long column is added up this fact strenuously forces itself upon you namely that there are only one hundred cents in a dollar. Of course you knew it before but you know it better now. Ten dollars seem a vast sum and full of infinite possibilities, but when spent and the items noted, it is only ten times one dollar after all. Nothing teaches so convincingly that the great total is only the sum of the littles. In household expenses when the totals are balanced and a deficit results the account book is a stern and truthful monitor. The figures do not lie, there they stand side by side and cannot be gainsaid. In comparatively poor homes where a certain part of the income must be devoted to fuel, another portion to food, and still another to clothing, the account book is a very necessary factor in the household economy for black and white tell at a glance whether fuel is borrowing from clothing or food taking more than its due. Small leaks are disastrous to family finances. Large out-goes are noted but it is the little ones of which no account are taken.

But where a woman has kept accounts for years, her method of spending money has become in a certain sense a routine. She knows about what she can allow for this and that, and how much she can indulge her family and not get into debt. When such a sense of ability is reached, it is a distinct waste of nervous energy to try to keep accounts. What difference can it make to such a woman whether twenty-five cents went for salt or coffee, providing the family have been well fed? If a piece of meat is particularly expensive, she knows enough to buy something cheaper to offset it without the prompting of figures. She knows how long food materials ought to last. Why tax her memory and her time to set down each item of money spent?

When a woman turns bread-winner, she often earns more money than she could save by keeping accounts.

Why should a woman worry, when there is a weekly sum for housekeeping and personal expenses, over the exact detailed account for every cent? "I am just tired out," exclaimed a bright woman, "with my accounts. I could not find nine cents this week, and my columns would balance, though I hunted for them two hours." This woman was earning forty dollars a week in intellectual work, and yet she wasted two hours of precious sleep for nine cents! Account-keeping can be carried too far, and then becomes an illustration of the old adage, "A penny wise and a pound foolish."

MONEY COAXERS.

Under this heading come all the various devices for money getting practised in this all too zealous money loving country. Village tea meetings have long been frowned down as a vulgar way in which to coax a quarter out of a poor man's pocket and yet are not these patent devices in vogue at the present day just as objectionable as the old time pay your quarter and get all you can eat arrangements were? Assuredly so. Fancy dancing, dramatic personation, the bringing of the wee children on to the stage, the mother goose monstrosities that have jammed Massey Hall with a various gaping crowd the past week, are surely vanity and vexation of spirit or should be considered. If the monetary needs of a jockey club or athletic grounds are so very pressing why not have their claims put before the people in a plain straightforward manner and not coax the money out of the pockets of the people by "Cobweb sweepers and old women who live in a shoe." Of course the defenders of this method of paying debts will say, "but we could not get the money the lawful way." Better do without it then. There is a great hue and cry when these methods are used to raise money for churches, but it is the principle that is wrong. Pleasure is all right as pleasure but to use it for the purpose of paying your debts seems silly in the extene.

THE DECADENCE OF LEISURE.

There is in reality no leisure nowadays. Even the people who have nothing to do, do not really enjoy leisure. There is a certain restlessness abroad in the world that permits of no real relaxation. Truly leisure has vanished. Its passing away has been gradual but very thorough and the leisure class no longer exists. Ample foretime confers a certain exemption from cares and petty anxieties, and this freedom is utilized in the services of the less favored or poor class.

Never, surely, since the world began can there have been greater or more earnest and systematized effort to aid one's fellow-creatures in every phase of suffering and poverty, in every hour of life from helpless infancy to the extreme limit of equally helpless old age—from the thoughtful provision for the new baby to the last resting place of the worn-out body, with all that lies between in the many wants of earthly pilgrimage. That municipal charities are many and ever-increasing their scope is one of the salient features of this latter-day benevolence, but they pale before the organizations carried on by associations of private individuals, endowed with the moneys of generous donors or supported by annual subscriptions from those who can afford to give in smaller sums only. In these it is the personal element which is so effective and far-reaching, the giving of one's self, one's time, and one's talents being far more than bestowing all one's goods to feed the poor, and thus it is the true spirit of charity which animates and directs the various work now carried on. To belong to some one of these organizations is the rule, what are disdainfully designated the butterflies of fashion being oft times quite as devoted to charitable labors as the most modest little bee, and having ease and brightness in their own surroundings they carry much of their radiance into the places they visit.

These unsalaried workers have a zeal and energy which money alone can never command. Time and talents are freely expended in effecting the greatest possible good, method being one of the chief factors in all this activity. Should one of those guardian sylphs which in the days of Queen Anne were fabled to hover about "the fair," as the sex was then gallantly designated, attend a business meeting of modern women, he would find his occupation gone, and would probably wonder what had become of those delicate, die away, diaphanous creatures whom it was once his proud office to serve. His astonishment would doubtless be all the greater and more perplexing as he noted the beauty, the grace, and style of these incomparable beings, who discuss matters of grave import, who urge radical reforms, and who understand the art of keeping accounts, the more difficult art of clear and concise statement, and the very most difficult art of all, cheerful submission to the will of the majority. Greater still would be the poor sprite's amazement could he follow these accomplished matrons and wise virgins through the hours of one whole day, finding some of them busied in the abodes of poverty, or visiting the struggling yet silent and unknowledged poor, who must be approached with the most tender and delicate consideration, others attending to hospitals and homes, while deftly set in the day's mosaic are the pleasures and penalties of social duties, strictly so named—lectures and class and club meetings, calls and receptions, and card parties. As the daylight fades and the hours grow fewer the sands sparkle more brilliantly, when the bewildered sylph, recovering his self-possession, recognizes a congenial atmosphere which it is possible for him to breathe with pleasure. Now he may "hang o'er the box" while the lovely dames enjoy sweetest music, can care for the fluttering fan, can be "conscious of the rich brocade" as they daintily enjoy their supper after the dance or midnight masquerade. He flatters himself that he may yet resume the exercise of all his rare gifts, and looks forward with impatience to the playtime of the year.

Alas! what disillusion will come with the balmy zephers of spring, the golden hours of summer, when golf and tennis, boating and bicycles, claim the time and attention of those whom he fondly hoped to make his charge. The modern fair ones are so zealous, so thorough, that their delassements are taken seriously, and they are not content to be mere amateurs in any pursuit which engages their interest. They improve each shining hour so earnestly that the guardian sylph is dismayed, and in despair resigns the care of the lovely complexion and dainty hands, while, as he dissolves into air, he sighs for the lost era of ladylike helplessness and purposeless leisure.

A New Year's Prayer.

Thou art our God, Redeemer and Creator;
Thou art "Our Father," dearest name of all.
Great in thy power and wisdom, in love greater,
Therefore we fear not on thy name to call.

Hear us, O Father, as we come confessing
The sins and follies of the bygone year.
Grant us forgiveness and with that thy blessing
Our faith to strengthen and our hearts to cheer.

Sweeten for us each bitter cup of duty
Or strengthen us their bitterness to quaff.
Give us to see the King in all his beauty
And to behold the land which is far off.

We thank thee for our being and well being.
Give us uplifting and upholding grace
To serve thee here until, earth's shadow fleeing,
We evermore shall see thee face to face.

—Buffalo News.

A MISER'S NEW YEAR.

MISER Jones—that was what everybody called him, and the title did not displease him. Indeed it rather flattered him. To be a miser means the possession of money, and money was his god. There were people who could remember him as a young man and a spendthrift, but they were very few. To look at him one would wonder if he had ever been young. He appeared to be 60 years old when people first began to call him Miser Jones, and the passage of time did not appear to affect him. He was wrinkled and skinny and white haired, and men said he would have been dim of sight but for the greed of gain which burned in his eyes till they shone like a wolf's.

Miser Jones had relatives, but for fear they might want money he cut loose from them. He owned several houses, but that he might not take from the rent he lived in a miserable room and fared little better than a dog. He had money to lend, and he exacted usury. There were no days of grace for one in his debt. Prompt payment must be made, and to the last penny, and neither words nor tears would move him. No charity, no church, no beggar, ever extracted one cent from Miser Jones. He cared nothing for the trials and misfortunes of others, and he was never affected by what men said of him except when some one observed that he could not take his money beyond the grave. That idea alone upset him and detracted from his happiness. He spent hours in wondering if it could not be done, and sometimes he was on the point of asking a lawyer to so arrange matters that his money should at least be buried with him.

The New Year dawned bleak and cold and dreary. There was a high wind, and the air was full of whirling snow, and even had it not been a holiday few people would have moved away from their firesides unless forced to.

"It is a good day for me—a fine day!" chuckled Miser Jones as he looked out on the deserted streets and up at the leaden sky. "No one will disturb me today, and I may sit down and count up my wealth. I am richer than a year ago today, much richer, but I want to know the figures to a shilling—to a penny. They call me Miser Jones, but I can laugh at their sarcasm and abuse. Now we will figure."

Miser Jones had bonds and mortgages and notes and a bank account. He knew the sum total within a dollar, but it was a keen delight for him to sit down and cast up interest again and add it to the principal. With greedy look and trembling fingers he brought out his memoranda and pencil and soon forgot the storm and the outside world.

"So you are figuring again, Miser Jones, closing the account of the old year and opening with the new?"

The old man leaped from his chair with a shout of surprise. No one had knocked at the door. He was alone in the room. The voice had come from one seated on the opposite side of the table, but he looked and rubbed his eyes and saw only vacancy.

"Sit down, Miser Jones. Sit down while we talk together a bit," continued the voice as the windows rattled in the storm and a skurry of snow blew into the room under the door and reached almost to the old man's feet.

He looked all about him in a dazed and wondering way and sat down.

"The old year has ended, the new year begun, Miser Jones. Human life is counted by days and weeks and months and years. On the tombstones of the dead you may read that they who sleep beneath lived so many years, months aud days. It is meant that each and every man should sit down at the beginning of a new year and write the record of the old. You are an old man. You have lived beyond the time allotted to man. Your hand shakes as your fingers guide the pencil. You have been making figures. Let me take the pencil and help you.

"But I want no help!" protested the old man. "You have no right here! You were not asked to come! Leave me, or I will call for help!"

"You are figuring on dollars and cents," said the voice. "There is a long column of figures, and I will look them over with you and help you to find the sum total. You have first recorded the sum of $300. That is money you loaned to a hardworking mechanic and took a mortgage on his home. Misfortune has come to him and still pursues him. You hoped that more trouble would come to him, and it has. You figured from the first that you would get possession of his home for half its value, and yesterday when he came to you with trembling lips and pleaded misfortune your heart was like stone. To-day you are figuring on your profit."

"But he came to me to borrow and was willing to pay the interest!" protested Miser Jones.

"Here is the sum of $750," continued the voice. "You lent a widow $300 on a mortgage and foreclosed it and drove her out of her home. You figure that you made $450 out of that deal. She came to you and wept and prayed, but you rubbed your wrinkled hands in satisfaction."

"One must have a profit when he lends money," replied Miser Jones as he looked at the figures with satisfaction.

"Here is the sum of $600. You loaned money to the owner of a small factory to help start him again after he had been crippled by fire, but what the flames left you soon took possession of. Yes, you made a clean $600 on that transaction. I find the sum of $200 and $275 and $300, a long column of figures here to show the profits of the year just ended and add to your fortune. Miser Jones, you are a rich man."

"Yes, yes—a rich man! I like to hear you say I am rich!"

"But you are an old man. You cannot hope to live a great while longer."

"But I shall live for years and years. I am not so old as you think. Don't talk to me of death.

"You are an old man, and your time has almost come," continued the voice. "You have laid up treasure on earth. Let us see what is to your credit in heaven. There is no money beyond the grave. The souls of the dead are judged by past deeds and not by the amount of gold and silver left behind. Take the pencil Miser Jones. It shall be left to you to make the record. Have you had sympathy for the ragged and shivering and hungry fellowmen who passed your door?"

"But all of them were imposters!"

"Men and women have appealed to you in sickness and misfortune as one fellowman has the right to appeal to another. How have you responded to those appeals?"

"I can't always be giving and giving!"

"Without religion earth would be a desert and man a savage. All that is good and noble and beautiful comes from our faith in God. What have you done to aid the cause!"

"It costs a great lot of money to keep up so many churches!" sighed the old man.

"There are destitute widows, fatherless children and grieving orphans, whom it is our duty to assist. Even a kind word to such is placed to our record in heaven. Write down your credit, Miser Jones.

The old man had nothing to write, no word of reply.

"All around you hearts have ached. Tears of sorrow have been shed. Men have cursed their God because of the coldness of the world. Have you brought a ray of sunlight to a single one of these?"

Miser Jones had no answer.

"What has your life been made up of? Avarice, selfishness, greed. You have sinned against God and man and yourself. In your greed of gain you have throttled every noble sentiment God placed in your heart as a child. You have sacrified every principle that makes a man respected and beloved. You have made money, but you have been pointed out as a thing instead of a man. As a human being you have lived to be hated and reviled. After death—what?"

"After death—what?" whispered Miser Jones.

"The recording angel of heaven sets apart a page in her golden book for each human being born into the world. See! I have brought the book that you might gaze upon it. Here is your page—the page on which your name was inscribed as a child. What do you see?"

The old man looked and peered and rubbed his eyes. Blindness seemed to have come to him, and in his terror he groaned aloud.

"Here is the debit—avarice, selfishness, greed, riches, Here should be your credits, but there are none. Look for them. Bend your head to bring your eyes nearer. Today brings a new year. Today you pass from earth to eternity to stand before your God and be judged. This is the record from which he will judge you! I close the book!"

The gale howled about the old house and rattled doors and windows, but Miser Jones paid no heed. Men passed and repassed, some laughing, some cursing, but he did not look out upon them. Noon came, and he sat there with pencil in his fingers and paper before him. The winter day drew to a close, and night came down, but no light shone from his window. At midnight he sat where noon found him, at daylight where the winds of midnight had blown the snow under the door and over his feet. When noon came again, some one opened his door and cried out that Miser Jones was dead!

Irish New Year's Cakes.

In County Antrim in Ireland among the Scotch Irish oaten bannocks, with a hole in the middle, like our doughnuts, are specially baked for gift cakes. In other Irish counties a cake is thrown outside the door on New Year's eve "to keep out hunger" the ensuing year.

In the Isle of Man a curious belief and custom existed till the middle of this century. In each home the housewife smoothed the ashes over the kitchen floor just before stepping into bed. If there were found in the morning on the surface of the ashes anything resembling the print that pointed toward the door, it indicated a death in the family within the year. But if the heel of the footprint were toward the door it was a sure proof that the family would be increased

The New Year.

Behold the New Year beckons like a flower
Hid in its roots among the outrodden hills;
God show thee how its sweetness every hour
Grows only as thy breath thy spirit fills!

Behold! The New Year beckons like a star—
A splendid mystery of the unfathomed skies;
God guide thee through his mystic spaces far
Till all his stars as suns within thee rise!

The New Year beckons. He, too, beckoning, nears;
Forget not thou that all its gifts are his;
Take from his hand all blessings of the years
And of the blossoming, starred eternity!

MR. HARLOWE'S LESSON.

HELEN.

"Yes, dear."

"Will you come upstairs immediately!"

"Certainly."

And Helen Harlowe dropped her towel and hastily laid down the silver she was wiping, for when her husband spoke in that tone some one had to hurry.

"You'd better not try to make me any more shirts. This one is enough to drive a man crazy. Just look at it!"

"Why, what's the matter with it, Horace?" asked Mrs. Harlowe, mildly.

"Matter? Why, everything is the matter. Do look at these sleeves, they're a mile too long. Neck is big enough for a twenty-inch collar instead of a fifteen. Too high in the back and too low in front. Guess you thought I was a delicate specimen of humanity, by the size of these wristbands." And Mr. Harlowe derisively held up to view a neatly finished wristband, looking about the right size for an ordinary man. "I repeat it Mrs. Harlowe, don't try to make me any more shirts. This is the third time I have been called on to endure such martyrdom. If you can neither make a decent shirt yourself, nor get any one to teach you, I'll go buy me one; yes, I will."

And Mr. Harlowe slammed the dressing-room door as he went in search of another, and, let us hope, less offending garment.

Mrs. Harlowe picked up the much despised shirt, and spreading it out on the bed deliberately proceeded to look it over, and, if possible, ascertain just wherein it failed in its requirements. As shirts go, it was a neatly finished and proper looking garment enough. Certainly it had cost her much time and thought.

When she had assumed the care of her husband's wardrobe a few months since she had found a dilapidated state of affairs prevailing. Not only were shirts much worn and frayed, but worst of all they were conspicuous by their absence.

Although Mr. Harlowe could not truthfully be said to have "not a shirt to his back," still the ones he did possess were but a poor apology for the round dozen with which tradition endows a man.

Mrs. Harlowe had straightway set herself at work to repair the deficiency. At first there were some mistakes made, but now she fondly hoped to suit her husband. Poor thing! she had yet to learn that a "prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own people." Which being interpreted means that a husband's praise is quite frequently very sparing when it is his wife that is concerned, and criticism grows to be his almost second nature.

Mrs. Harlowe has been finding out things during her short married life. Among them she had found out that her husband had a temper. A fine thing to carry to the world's work if a reasonable one. A fine thing to help with all the trials of business, but a very poor thing to bring home to a tired wife, and to join in the discussion of matrimonial affairs.

Mr. Harlowe had a very disagreeable way of presupposing one's inferiority, and especially so was it the case with his wife. Whether he really thought so or not, the effect was the same on Mrs. Harlowe, and therefore she was exceedingly sensitive on the subject, and inclined to almost doubt her own ability.

Still, when the two traits joined hands as in the present case, her combativeness was roused. Ordinarily she was of fairly even disposition, not one of the women to fly into a passion or dissolve in tears because her liege lord expressed a contrary opinion.

Nevertheless, she was as nearly out of temper as she had ever been, and as she folded away the shirt she folded with it certain resolutions it were well Mr. Horace Harlowe did not know of. She was sure her husband's shirts were all right, and just what course to pursue she could not tell.

"O dear!" she sighed, "If his mother had made them they would have been perfect, and he would have praised them to the skies. Yet I am certain he loves me, and I know he hasn't the slightest idea how terribly he makes me feel. But I'll think a way out of it yet, see if I don't.

And Mrs. Harlowe went back to her silver, and if she rubbed the knives with unnecessary vigor, why it was all the better for the knives, and perhaps for the irate Mr. Harlowe, too.

But the more she tried to think her way out of the difficulty the more exasperated she became, and the little cloud of ill-fitting shirt bid fair to cover the whole matrimonial horizon. At last a happy thought seemed to strike her.

"Why hadn't I thought of Mabel before!" she exclaimed. "If any one can help me out of this, she can."

Hastily dressing, she left orders for Mr. Harlowe's dinner, in case she should not be home in time, and hurried out to catch the morning train to Elmwood, where lived her friend, Mabel Winthrop.

Rushing through the archway leading to the Central Station, she nearly knocked over a tall young lady who was coming towards her with equal rapidity. Turning for the usual apology, she recognized the friend she was seeking, who exclaimed:

"Well, Helen, I should think you were running from fate. What is the matter?"

"I'm only hurrying to meet you, my dear," quietly answered our friend. "I'm more than glad to have met you, too, for if I had gone to Elmwood I should have been obliged to be away at dinner, and my husband especially likes me to be there then, if possible."

"You poor dear, what a tyrant. Does he expect you to always sit behind the teaurn? Don't I wish I had a chance to teach him a lesson on the rights of women, and his wife in particular."

And Mabel Winthrop laughed merrily as she imagined herself training her friend's husband.

"But if you are so anxious to be at home and under the eye of the awful Horace, let's sit down here in this quiet corner and talk over affairs, for I am very certain some new home problem is the cause of that little pucker between your eyes."

And Mabel critically surveyed Helen's face as she flushed a little under her searching eyes.

"Oh, it's nothing very serious. Just a little matter that puzzles me, and I am going to look to your quick wit to think out a course to pursue."

"Well you certainly look as if it did puzzle you. I should think you were trying to solve a problem in Euclid."

"Indeed 'twould be far easier, I fancy," answered Mrs. Harlowe.

The friendship of these two had been of long duration, and was the result largely of different natures; for while Mabel looked on the droll side of everything, and never doubted her own ability in finding a happy solution of every difficulty, Helen was more easily discouraged by things that go wrong. She grew to fear her own judgment in decisive steps, and at the present time she felt sure that Mabel would see just what to do, and could easily tell her how to do it.

"As I said before, it's nothing, really. But if you were fortunate enough to have a husband, and had made him three sets of shirts, to have each in turn called worse than the preceding one, what would you do?"

"Well, I don't know as I can pass judgment without knowing more about the particulars of the case, Helen. How did you get your pattern, and did you really try your very best?"

"To the first question I will say that I had Mr. H.'s tailor cut him a pattern from his measures. To the second you don't deserve an answer."

"I don't believe your hubby is any more particular than most men, is he?"

"Particular than most men! What do you know about men or their opinions on shirts, anyway, Mabel Winthrop?"

"Enough to show you how to teach this one a lesson, I guess. You have been a long time finding out your husband's faults. I had about decided that you had married a paragon of manly virtues, when, lo and behold, he must be fitted to a shirt, and most breaks his little wifey's heart so he does!" and Mabel laughed in her merry contagious way till even Helen's features had relaxed into a smile.

"I should hate a paragon of manly virtues, and I think if Horace has a good wholesome lesson now it may open his eyes to the fault-finding way he has fallen into, for really it is only thoughtlessness."

So will wifely charity seek to cover up the multitude of her husband's sins.

"Well Helen, my dear, if you are really in earnest we will join hands and raise a conspiracy for the cause of woman's rights and the sake of shirts."

For some time longer did the friends talk, and evidently they came to some satisfactory conclusion, for there was many a laugh as they laid their plans against the unsuspecting Mr. Harlowe.

When Mrs. Harlowe took her car for home the little wrinkle between her eyes had disappeared and in its place she wore a smile of amusement.

For a short time matters ran along smoothly at the Harlowes, no mention of shirts ruffling the surface of the domestic calm, Mrs. Harlowe not feeling it necessary to treat her husband like a Pariah because he had lost his temper over a shirt.

One morning at the breakfast table, when the coffee had been unusually good and the stake done to a turn, Mrs. Harlowe remarked to her husband.

"I am so sorry about your shirts, Horace; really I don't feel as if I could make you any more; I am not competent, I guess. How would it do to ask your mother to make you some?"

And Mrs. Harlowe looked at her husband with every appearance of anxiety.

"My dear wife, you have come to a very sensible conclusion at last. I have always told you that shirt making required a very superior ability. Mother will be sure to make something fit to wear. Could you get the cloth ready so that I could take it in on my way to the store this morning?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Mrs. Harlowe as she hastened upstairs to hide a smile.

Mr. Harlowe left a large bundle at his mother's home that morning with a still larger bundle of directions and suggestions and if Mrs. Harlowe the elder had not been pretty well instructed she would have requested him to depart unto his wife, bundle and all. As it was she told him she would try and have the shirts ready in a week, and with that he was forced to be content.

In the course of time the shirts came home, and Mr. H. was as proud as a peacock. He

could hardly stop to eat his supper, and hurried his wife to come and see his mother's shirts!

Mrs. Harlowe purposely lingered about the dining-room, and when at last she came up stairs, she found her husband arrayed in his new garment and proudly surveying himself in the glass.

"I tell you, Helen, these shirts are just fine! Did you ever see a better fit?" craning his neck to get a better view.

"They seem to fit very well," said his wife. "Just examine the sewing, will you? Perhaps your mother's eyes are ailing."

"No need of that. Why anybody can see they are beautifully made?"

"Then they really suit you, my dear? You would be perfectly satisfied to have their maker do your shirts for all the time?" And Mrs. Harlowe smiled sweetly at her husband.

"Of course, what could a man want when a shirt fits well and is well made?

"Then, my dear husband, it becomes my painful duty to tell you that the shirt you are so proudly displaying is the same one you expended so much ire upon when last you tried it on. It has not been touched or altered, and is the work solely and entirely of your poor inefficient wife. The bundle lay untouched upon your mother's table until she sent it home."

And Mr. Harlowe had his lesson. Let us hope he profited thereby.

THE TABLES TURNED.

LYDIA A. RICHES.

IN the eyes of the simple people of the thriving little city of D——, there were none more prosperous and happy than Mr. and Mrs. Raymond; the former enjoying an enviable position as a real estate dealer. He was a man of prepossessing appearance, cordial, and altogether a popular man. Mrs. Raymond was a little women, quiet and refined. Their home was one of the finest in the new city. Four children had been the issue of the union.

"I wish," said Mrs. Raymond, as they arose from the breakfast table, "that you would make haste and send me a new cook. It was unfortunate that Mary should leave us with no help but Katie."

"Well, I'll attend to it as soon as I can · but you know, that my time is pretty well filled without having time for hunting servants," replied Mr. Raymond, with apparent impatience. "Why can't you make some inquiries yourself?"

"My time is so taken up that I can not get out. Katie is only fourteen; she cannot cook or sweep, or do any of the harder work. Next week I shall have Charlie and Lulu off to school; then I hope to have some leisure." She spoke in the worried tone that always nettled him.

"I don't see how it is that women can't do as much work as they used to," retorted Mr. Raymond. "My mother raised a family of seven, and did all of her own work; and because our cook is away two days, the whole family must be made miserable by it."

If Mr. Raymond did not consider himself the whole family, he felt that he was so nearly that, that he exaggerated but a trifle.

"Never mind, Herbert; we shall doubtless manage in some way," returned his wife; quietly. Then, with a flash of spirit which she seldom displayed, she said? "It will oblige me very much if you will never again tell me how much you consider me inferior to your mother. I do the best I can with what strength I have to expend; and if I fall short of your expectations, you should respect me sufficiently to not carry your disappointment so near the surface that all may 'read as they run.'"

"Pshaw! what's the use of getting in a tantrum? I suppose you think I mean all I say."

"I hope you do not say what you do not mean. No doubt you often mean more than you say." she was thoroughly aroused now; and Mr. Raymond, in order to avoid the consequences of his foolish words, took his hat and sauntered toward his office.

"My, but she's getting to be a spitfire! This comes of her going to the woman's suffrage meetings! I'll put a stop to that. The idea of her making such a fuss about a little work! Why, I could do it all in an hour!"

Mrs. Raymond, in the meantime, was gathering up her china and washing it.

"Please, mum," said Katie, "can I have the pay for my week's work? Brother Tim is waitin' at the door for it. Mother is needin it orful bad."

"I think I haven't a dollar, Katie. Can not your brother call at Mr. Raymond's office and ask him for it," she suggested.

A hurried consultation was held at the back door, when Kate returned, "Tim ses he seed Mr. Raymond with some other men in a carriage with a lot of fish poles; and he thinks they've gone a fishin'.

"Well, you must tell Tim he must go to Mr. Raymond for the money," she replied.

"So this is the urgent business that detains him from looking for a cook." An occasional tear dropped into her pan of china dishes. She felt that she could not tolerate deceit in her husband. She swept and dusted the parlor, baked pastry for dinner, directed Katie about her work, attended to the wants of the children, entertained a caller or two, while every spare moment was filled with preparing the children's clothes for school. Mr. Raymond thought she must do her own plain sewing. Six o'clock found her so tired that when her husband returned she had not spirit enough to make any comment.

"How has business prospered to-day?" she asked, at last, forcing herself to be civil.

"Finely, finely!" he replied. "Since that new addition was platted, I've been fairly rushed. If business continues as good, I shall be able to make some good investments for myself this fall.

"And for me, too?" she wanted to ask.

"Shall we attend the theatre this evening?" he asked, not appearing to notice her weariness.

"Not to-night; I am too tired," she replied.

"As Mrs. Raymond's head pressed the cool pillow that night she thought of her happy days before marriage and compared her life as a school teacher with her present mode of existence. "If it were not for my helpless little ones, I would return to the old life," she said to herself.

When Mr. Raymond retired, his wife was apparently sleeping.

"She does look tired, sure enough! I think I'll have to look for a cook to-morrow."

It seemed but an instant later that he heard his wife calling, "Come, come! Why don't you get up and get breakfast? Don't call Katie to light the fire, she is so tired. Come, hurry! The children want to get up. Take them out, and don't disturb me until breakfast is ready."

He felt that by some mysterious arrangement he and his wife were to exchange their relative positions to each other. He did not relish the prospect, but accepted the fact with the best grace he could summon. He strove to make haste, but a dull pain in his head prompted him to again turn to his pillow. His wife's voice was again heard and after making a mighty effort he managed to betake himself to the kitchen, where he at last lighted the fire. The children clamored to be dressed, and Katie must be called. After much delay, breakfast was ready, and his wife took her place opposite him, waiting to be served. How smiling and carefree she looked! Breakfast over, he found himself saying: "I wish you would try to find a cook to-day."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" was his wife's reply. "I could do all the work there is here in an hour; besides, I am so busy at the office that I've no time for such things. You don't need to do much. Just prepare a roast, and something for dessert, and sweep and dust the parlor, and don't forget to feed the canaries, and look after the children." So saying, she adjutsed her toque and tripped gaily down the street.

Left alone with Katie and the children, he found so many things demanding his attention that he was at once perplexed. The day grew hot, the house was stifling. He longed for a stroll. A few callers detained him, and at three he remembered that he had prepared no dessert for dinner. He spied an orange vender and decided to buy some of his fruit.

"Nice, fresh oranges; thirty cents a dozen!"

Mr Raymond stepped to the door and beckoned to the boy. "I will take a dozen," he said, and returned to his room in search of his purse. What was his chagrin to find it empty!

"I cannot take any to-day; my—my wife—forgot to leave me any money," he exclaimed. He paused at the window to brush away a tear, when, imagine his astonishment at seeing his wife in company with an intimate friend, leisurely strolling toward the park, enjoying a box of carmels.

"And that is her urgent business!" he pondered. The clock on the mantel chimed off the hours, and at last his wife appeared. He forced himself to smile, and ask how business prospered.

"Never was better," was her answer, with much satisfaction.

"I'm counting on a piece of property out beyond the park. If I secure that, it will be a great stroke for me."

"And what will it be for me?" he was about to ask, but checked himself.

"Shall we go out this evening?" he heard his wife asking.

"No; I'm fearfully tired," he answered.

As he attempted to rise from the table, the room appeared to reel, and he felt himself being hurled into a fathomless abyss.

"Why, Herbert, what is the matter?" he heard his wife asking. He opened his eyes to see her standing over him in alarm.

"I—I guess I was dreaming; but I don't believe it either," he said confusedly.

"Well, I should say your dinner had been too heavy," she replied, as she again retired, but Herbert Raymond will never believe this. He feels that he has had a glimpse of the every-day life of a mother and housekeeper.

What the New Year Brings.

Vacant chairs.

Good wishes without number.

Change, but not always silver.

January—and all the others.

Mistakes—we date our letters wrong.

Friends grown older and a few joyless.

Bills of every description, but every one too large.

Improvements that cause wonder and questionings.

Dividends without variety, all shrunk like old flannels.

"The new faces at the door, the new boots on the floor."

New friends? Yes, and worthy ones too. How have we existed without them?

NEARER THE BELLS.

For The Ladies' Journal

BY ERNEST E. LEIGH.

ONE, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve! How sweetly those old cathedral bells chime out in the clear frosty air! How bitterly cold it is to-day, with even the mid-day Sun himself looking like a great glittering ball of ice in the pale blue December sky. Whew, what a cutting wind! Frost, frost, everything is covered with its fantastic draperies.

But, who comes here, in spite of the weather, thinly and meanly clad? A widow, young and beautiful, with her fair face, notwithstanding the purple tinge it receives, from the northwest wind, resembling a pale pink rose in a refrigerator. The bundle she carries is so large that her arms cannot encircle it half way round. Poor creature, she must be suffering with the cold for she shrugs her shapely shoulders as if the wind was penetrating that thin shawl. I am sure she will be severely frost bitten if she has much further to go! Thank goodness; she has turned into the wholesale dry goods office at Perspiration and Co.

* * * * *

Master Willie Lovelace could not understand why his little sister Lillie was so hot and feverish and he so cold and hungry. But he smoothed the tiny sufferer's pillow and to make the cold water, she enjoyed so much, even more tempting he let her drink it out of a little blue china teapot. Nevertheless, she would toss about the bed and wail and moan as if he was not as kind to her as he promised he would be, while his mother took the work home to the shop. Then, again, he thought it was mean of her to be so irritable, when she knew how hard it was to stay in that wretched old garret, after having lived in such nice houses in the country. The only good thing about that room was that it was nearer the bells than any house they had ever had, but when the bells were not ringing and mamma was out, and they had hardly any fire and such, wee, tiny mites of dinners it was simply unbearable.

One! two! three! four! rang the big bells in St. James' tower. "Four hours waited all away," muttered the boy, and she is not home yet; and she said she would be home before dark and bring some bread and candles. I do hope that if she forgets the candles she won't the bread."

It was growing dark; the long winter night was fast approaching; Lillie was not so feverish now and Willie thought that she smiled upon him through the deepening shadows.

But how dark it had become in a few moments! He was dreadfully tired of waiting and so hungry and, even though he was a boy and could fight, he felt very much like crying.

"One, two, three, four, five," rang the bells in the old grey tower. A great big lump came into the boy's throat and his eyes really did get remarkably moist. But before he had time to cry, Lillie wailed out, "I'se so tired and bad and I'se do want my own mamma to come!"

Forgetting his hunger and choking back his own sobs, Willie laid down beside her endeavoring to console her until she threw her little arms around his neck and cried herself to sleep.

"One, two, three, four, five, six," rang the big cathedral bells, and all the factory bells and whistles corroborated the throbbing statement; while the streets fairly hummed with the homeward tramping of weary workers. Where is Mrs. Lovelace that she has not returned to her famishing children? They were in almost total darkness, and the last embers in the old box-stove were waxing whiter and whiter in their ashen shrouds. Alas; other changes were taking place in that self same room. Willie felt the little clammy cheek that pressed his own growing colder and colder, and boy though he was he knew that something dreadfully mysterious was transpiring.

"Lillie, dear, wake up darling, mamma will soon be home now!" sobbed that terror stricken child. But he received no response and the awful stillness filled his little heart with fear.

* * * * *

"Woman, why will you persist in dogging me around when you see I'm engaged?"

"I am sorry to trouble you so much Mr. Handley," said the woman, but I have been waiting since noon."

"Well, what of that, can you not wait your turn?" growled the foreman.

"I will wait longer if you wish, sir," timidly replied the widow, "but my children have been alone all the afternoon and my little girl is very ill indeed."

The pleading look in the young mother's face had a softening effect upon the over worked manager of Perspiration & Co., and he commanded her to open up her parcel.

Mr. Lovelace then quickly untied the large bundle of waistcoats and counted them out on the counter before him. Five dozen in all. He looked hurriedly over them and was just giving her a "pass-cheque" for payment at the office when the proprietor (who happened to be in an ill-humor) walked over and asked abruptly, "How much are you paying for those miserable throwntogethers Handley?" "Fifty cents a dozen, sir" was the meek reply.

Taking up the garments one by one the merchant prince overhauled them in a most unprincely manner; pulling at the seams and twisting at the buttons until there remained scarcely half of the waistcoats unmutilated. Then, looking mockingly at the woman and savagely at the foreman, he exclaimed, "Deduct fifty per cent from the making and see that those I have culled are unripped and made over."

So instead of receiving two dollars and a half for her week's work the poor widow received only one dollar and twenty-five cents, out of which she had to do her Xmas and New Year's shopping. Weary and sick at heart she hastily gathered the culled garments together, and, pocketing the hard earned cash proceeded on her homeward way.

She had purchased the bread and candles and had but a few steps to go when she felt a small hand clutching at her skirts. Thinking that some urchin was trying to pick her pockets, the widow turned upon the little thief, as she supposed, and was astonished to see the uplifted, tear-stained face of her own Willie.

"Why, Willie, my dear child, what are you doing away from poor Lillie?" she cried anxiously.

"Lillie frightened me, mamma, she went to sleep, such a funny sleep with her eyes open," said the boy, nestling closer, "and I came to find you."

The whining, expressive, words of the boy fell like death-knells on his mother's ears, and a dark presentiment told her that something was wrong at home.

"Oh Willie, Willie, why did you leave her," she moaned as she darted through the crowded streets dragging the weeping boy after her.

"Hi, ! Hi! there! Whoa, Whoa, there!" yelled a huge policeman, as he grasped at the head of a spirited horse on a crowded crossing.

"Thoo's done for it poor lass, noo, horse had kicked her in't head or summat" shouted a short stout man as he lifted an unconscious female form before the horses' feet and carried her into a drug store near by. Willie ran screaming after the man but could not get into the store for the press of people that blocked the doorway.

"Make way, make way there," called out a second policeman, exorting the two gentlemen who were in the sleigh drawn by the horse that had knocked Mrs. Lovelace down. Then the crowd made way, and Willie followed the trio into the store. The chemist telephoning for a physician as they entered, "You need not call any medical aid" said the elder of the two gentlemen, "we are both physicians."

When the younger of the two Doctors looked upon the prostrated woman he became quite agitated, and whispering something to the elder, he took his departure.

After his mother had revived, the old Doctor took Willie by the hand, saying; "Can you tell me where your mother lives?" my little man.

"Yes, Sir, I can show you where she lives, but you must bring a light," replied the boy making off.

"Hold on, young chicken, you will squeeze through the crowd quicker than we can follow;" said one of the policemen as he held the child back.

The moment they reached the landing, the poor widow staggered over to Lilly's bed and as a gleam of light from the policeman's lantern flashed across the features of her dead child she fell over the body in a swoon.

It was a touching scene. The Doctor's eyes were anything but dry as he fumbled in his medicine case for a restorative. The sturdy policeman blew his nose repeatedly and his handkerchief wandered slyly up to his eyes every time. The fat Yorkshireman appeared to have a dumpling in his throat that he was not able to swallow, while tears streamed openly down the cheeks of the curious but soft-hearted women that stood around. But, strangers as they were, to Mrs. Lovelace, they smoothed the icy petals of her little storm-tossed flower, and lovingly arrayed it for its tiny grave, beneath the drifting snow.

* * * * *

A few days after the funeral, the widow sat musing alone in the twilight, enjoying a short rest before lighting her lamp and settling down to her long winter evening task. Faint glimmering of sunset trembling and fading on the white wall beside her resembled the short lived pleasures of her youth, at least, so she thought. That lingering beam of sunlight filled her heart with many a vain regret and pensive memory. Among others, the memory of a face she had not seen for years; the love of which she had kept buried and hidden ever since she had jilted poor, poverty stricken Edward Sinclair and, for the sake of her destitute parents, married the rich but delicate Charlie Lovelace. Banks broke, ships sank and other financial schemes miss-carried, leaving Lovelace a ruined man, so poor that his insurance policy had to be mortgaged to defray the expenses of his last illness. After his death, she removed to the city, only to find herself becoming poorer and poorer.

But enough of this silly twilight reverie, she must really go to work. However she was going to struggle through the remainder of the winter, if she felt no stronger and Perspiration & Co. were such hard task masters, she did not know.

There is an old saying, "Think about Lucifer and he is sure to appear." The widow heard footsteps on the landing outside, then a genteel cough, an aristocratic knock and then to her great surprise the door opened and the merchant prince stood before her. She struck a match and prepared to light the lamp, but his haberdashership begged her not to spoil the twilight as he would not remain long. Then he smiled so pleasantly and chatted so nicely that her unsuspecting heart relented towards him, she having previously entertained anything but a high opinion of the old gentleman.

Suddenly a bright thought struck her. What if he was the misunderstood friend that, according to the old Doctor's story, had been so mysteriously generous to her since poor Lillie's death. Yes it must be him, the dear fatherly old man, he was so sympathetic. How beautifully appropriate to her own particular case were the passages of scripture he so fluently quoted.

Some people give the evil one too much credit. What infernal tortures could have torn apart the smarting tissues of a wounded heart, with more consumate skill than that grey headed old son of Satan, Edgar Perspiration? How well he played upon the strings of that lone widow's woe until, breaking completely down, she wept like a child.

That was what he wanted. His opportunity had come. Stealing silently over to the door he turned the key in the rusty lock and slipped it in his pocket. Then gliding swiftly back he took her poor, pale, weeping, beautiful face in his nervous hands like vice, and in spite of her screams kissed it again and again. But the next moment he was sprawling on the floor with one of his cheeks bleeding.

"Ho, Ho, my pretty," he cried jumping nimbly to his feet and renewing the attack like a tiger that has tasted blood.

"Be careful, sir," said the widow holding him at bay with an iron poker," what do you mean? Begone or I'll beat your old disgraceful head to a pummice," she continued making a dash at him.

Quick as a flash, he grasped a chair and warded off the blow. Frightened at his wonderful agility, she retreated to the far corner of the darkening room, trembling like a leaf and screaming for help.

In an instant as if by magic the door way burst open and a tall man with a lighted match in his hand stood before them looking very much amazed.

"Oh, take this man away, take him away," she gasped, and before she could say more the merchant prince was thrust most unmercifully down the stairs.

When her timely deliverer stepped into the room again Mrs. Lovelace had lit the lamp. Seeing she did not recognize him he stood close before her gazing into the tear-glistening depths of her marvelous blue eyes. She met his gaze, half in fear, half in astonishment, then the fear and astonishment gave place to joyful recognition and gasping out "Edward; Edward;" she dropped like a weary child in his arms and fainted away.

Oh; you say this charming young woman could faint to perfection. But this time she really could not help it and if she could, could you blame her for falling into an old lover's arms? I may be mistaken, but it occurred to me that Dr. Sinclair had discovered a new method of restoring fainting patients, for he kept chafing her lips, cheeks, and temples with his mouth as if he had some very effective species of cordial secreted in the silken fibres of his big black moustache.

As Mrs. Lovelace opened her eyes, (probably anxious to know whether she was dreaming or not), Willie came up the stairs howling piteously. From his spasmodic articulations they gathered that an old gentleman, whom he had found rubbing his shins at the bottom of the stairway had boxed his ears for "nothing at all." The indignant physician immediately ran down to avenge the child, but the merchant prince had hobbled away. However, the doctor soon comforted the child by giving him a new silver quarter and telling him not to cry.

"Thank you ever so much, sir," said the delighted boy smiling through his tears, and then, seeing how pleased something had made his mother, the child asked her what present she had received.

"Run and buy yourself a little horse or something, Willie dear," replied the fond parent who was evidently longing for another application of divine moustache.

What really did transpire during Willie's absence he never knew, but when he returned hugging his new purchase, (a wooden horse with a catskin tail) the lad was rapturously asked if he would not like to live in a warmer house and have a nice new papa. He replied in the affirmative providing another new horse with real hair in its tail was thrown into the bargain.

In the Land of Cakes.

"HOGMANAY," as the Scotch folk call their New Year's eve, is the greatest festival of the year in the "land o' cakes" and has many ancient and curious customs and superstitions connected with it. The origin of the name is uncertain, but it is generally conceded to have been derived from the French words "au gui mener" (lead to the mistletoe), in allusion to the ancient Druidical custom of cutting the mistletoe from the oak on the night of the last day of the year. The sacred plant was brought by the priests into the towns and market places and given to the people as an amulet to preserve them from war and other calamities. While they had such a good old tongue as the Gaelic near at hand, it is not to be supposed that the pious Druids spoke to their votaries in the language of Johnny Crapaud. The intimate connection of Scotland and France during the middle ages will easily account for the introduction of the term "hogmanay."

The days about New Year's, which from the revelry and mummery that characterized them were called by the Scotch the "daft days," bear close resemblance to the "fetes des fous," which interfered so scandalously with the vigils in the French churches during the sixteenth century that they were finally put down by the bishop of Angres in 1598. During these "fetes des fous" bands of beggars clad in fantastic garbs broke into the churches on the eve of the New Year, and after singing their weird carols demanded alms of the worshipers.

The modern Scotch representatives of these obtrusive beggars were known as the "guisards" or "gyzars." These were harmless and entertaining maskers, who were generally admitted into the houses of the best families in the country, where, after singing their carols they were permitted to dance with the members of the household.

Many assert that the hoghmen, or hillmen, were the good genii versus the trolls, or evil ones, who were the beings referred to; hence the ditty:

Hogmanay, Trollolay,
Gie me o' your white bread.
I'll hae nane o' your gray.

The white bread, signifying the good things of life, versus the gray, or evil ones. A very popular rhyme, with a moral, is one freely sung in the north-eastern counties of Scotland:

Get up, gude wife, and binna sweir [lazy]
And deal your bread to them that's here,
For the time will come when ye'll be dead,
And then ye'll neither need ale nor bread.
My feet's cauld, my shoon's thin,
Gie's my cakes and let me rin.

Having chalked the doors with the New Year's numbers, they depart to gather coppers, cakes and fruit elsewhere.

At the stroke of midnight each member of the family party would quaff a full bumper of "hot pint" and wish the others a happy New Year and many of them. Then it was customary for the elders to sally forth with a hot kettle, bread and cheese, etc., and pay visits of greeting to the neighbors. The first party to enter a house were called the "first foot" aad were warmly welcomed, as their arrival in that capacity indicated good luck. Much kindly rivalry ensued, and from midnight to 1 o'clock the streets were fairly swarming with would be "first footers." This custom was still prevalent in Scott's day.

A New Year's Song.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDART.

The world is full of mystery,
Which no one understands;
What is before our eyes we see
The work of unseen hands;
But whence and when and why they wrought
Escapes the grasp of human thought.

There was a time when we were not,
And there will be again,
When we must cease and be forgot,
With all our joy and pain—
Gone like the wind or like the snow
That fell a thousand years ago.

We live as if we should not die,
Blindly, but wisely, too;
For if we knew that death was nigh
What would we say or do,
But fold our arms and close our eyes,
And care no more who lives or dies.

If death to each man in his turn
Is coming soon or late,
Be ours the soldier's unconcern,
And his courageous fate;
Better to perish in the strife
Than to preserve the coward's life.

New Year, if you were bringing youth,
As you are bringing age,
I would not have it back, in sooth,
I have no strength to wage
Lost battles over. Let them be;
Bury your dead, O memory!

You can bring nothing will surprise,
And nothing will dismay,
No tears again in these old eyes,
No darkness in my day.
You might bring light and smiles instead
If you could give me back my dead.

I have beheld your kin, New Year,
Full fifty times, and none
That was so happy and so dear,
I wept when it was done.
Why should we weep when years depart,
And leave their ashes in the heart?

Good-bye, since you are gone, Old Year,
And my past life good-by!
I shed no tear upon your bier,
For it is well to die.
New Year, your worst will be my best—
What can an old man want but rest?

Women of Nyassaland.

Whatever it may develop in that direction in the future, Nyassaland is at present not the Eldorado of women, nor are the ideas of the "new woman" likely to find a footing there. Women, in fact, in Central Africa, occupy in man's estimation the position described by Tennyson as "a little higher than his dog, a little lower than his horse." Only for horse one may here substitute house, a large reed-built hut being looked upon by the Central African as the ne plus ultra of wealth and happiness.

A woman in Nyassaland is regarded by her husband and father much as they would regard a bundle of goods, to be disposed of to the highest bidder. When a young man wishes to marry, he visits the father of any village maiden whose dusky charms have caught his eye. No money is paid by him to the girl's relations should they come to terms, but the intending husband agrees to build a hut near his father-in-law's, and to do work in the fields of the latter or in his vegetable garden for a given time for the privilege of marrying the daughter. When this is arranged, both families meet, and the betrothed couple bring gifts, he a cock, she a hen. These gifts are exchanged with due ceremony, and the terms of the marriage are announced.

If all parties agree, the wedding takes place as soon as possible; but if two or more of the relations disagree, the betrothal is null and void, and the young couple separate, reclaiming their gifts. Even after the marriage has taken place, a father has the right to take his daughter back from her husband should the latter show any idleness in the cultivation of his father-in-law's land. This is often done, the young wife's feelings in the matter not coming into consideration at all.

HYGIENE.

The End of it All.

The proud man, fat with the fat of the land,
Dozed back in his silken chair;
Choice wines of the world, black men to command,
Rare curios, rich and rare,
Tall Knights in armor on either hand—
Yet trouble was in the air.

The proud man dreamed of his young days, when
He toiled light-hearted and sang all day.
He dreamed again of his gold, and of men
Grown old in his service and hungry and gray.
Then his two hands tightened a time; and then
They tightened, and tightened to stay!

Ah me! this drunkenness, worse than wine!
This grasping with greedy hold!
Why, the poorest man upon earth, I opine,
Is the man that has nothing but gold.
How better the love of man divine,
With God's love, manifold!

They came to the dead man back in his chair,
Dusk liveried servants that come with the light;
His eyes stood opened with a frightened stare,
But his hands still tightened, as a vise is tight.
They opened his hands—nothing was there,
Nothing but bits of night.

Food for Invalids.

Food for an invalid requires much thought and care, for the eye as well as the palate must be pleased, and the food should be nourishing as well as dainty and inviting. Something for a change is always called for, and a few recipes may be welcome:

An excellent broth for any one with weak lungs is made from two pounds of knuckle of veal cracked into pieces and put over the fire with two quarts of cold water. Cover and cook slowly until it is reduced to one quart. Strain and season with salt. Meanwhile soak three tablespoonfuls of pearl sago in a cup of cold water, heat by setting the dish in a pan of boiling water for half an hour, and stir occasionally Put the strained broth in a double boiler and add the warmed sago to it, cook half an hour and then stir into it one cup of cream heated, to the boiling point and the well-beaten yolks of two fresh eggs. Let all only come to a boil and remove from the fire at once Serve as soon as possible.

Beef and sago makes a very nourishing broth. Have two pounds of beef from the round cut into small pieces and put in a saucepan with two quarts of water. Cover and cook until the goodness is all extracted from the meat. Strain and season with salt. Meanwhile soak one cup of sago in water enough to cover it; add it to the strained broth and return the broth to the fire and let it simmer one hour. Add the yolks of two eggs beaten very light. Let it remain a moment and take from the fire. Serve at once with finger pieces of thin buttered toast.

Cream soups are a pleasing change after plain broths or teas. Sago, pearl, tapioca, barley, or rice may be used. Take any white stock that is rich and well seasoned. Put into a saucepan a half pint of the stock and the same quantity of cream. When it comes to a boil add one tablespoonful of flour thoroughly moistened with cold milk, and let it boil up once. Have the tapioca or whatever you wish to use in the soup cooked and add it to the soup and serve. Barley requires two hours to cook, rice one hour; sago and pearl tapioca must be soaked in cold water half an hour and cooked the same length of time.

Chicken jelly may be used in a variety of ways. To make the jelly take a fowl weighing about three pounds. Clean and remove the skin and fat. Cut it into pieces and put them into a saucepan with two generous quarts of water, a bay leaf, and some pieces of celery. Cover and heat slowly up to the boiling point. Let it simmer for four hours. Then season with salt and strain into glasses and set away to cool. When cold remove the fat. This jelly may be used cold or heated, and served like soup. Heat a glass of the jelly and add a gill of sherry or Madeira wine, one teaspoonful of dissolved gelatine, some sugar, and the juice of half a lemon. Pour the liquid jelly into small cups and set away to harden. This makes a very nourishing wine jelly. Pieces of the white meat of the fowl may be cut fine and put it into a jelly glass and the liquid jelly poured over them. When cold, it is appetizing, sliced and put between thin pieces of bread, buttered and with the crust taken off, or with slices of jellied chicken with toasted crackers.

Boiled rice with egg is excellent and generally liked. Wash thoroughly half a cup of rice and put it into a double boiler with just enough water to cover it. When the rice is nearly done, if any water remains pour it off and add one cup of milk and a little salt. Let the rice cook slowly until done. Beat an egg thoroughly, and the last thing before taking the rice from the fire stir the egg into it as lightly as possible, and serve hot with sugar and cream.

To make arrowroot jelly, moisten three heaping tablespoonfuls of the best Bermuda arrowroot with a little cold water and turn into a large cup of water that is boiling over the fire and in which two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar have been dissolved. Stir until clear, and add one tablespoonful of brandy or three of wine. Wet in cold water individual moulds or small cups and pour in the liquid jelly, and put in a cold place to harden. Serve with whipped cream. When wine cannot be used, in place of it take one teaspoonful of lemon juice.

Tapioca jelly is excellent. To prepare it soak one cup of tapioca in three cups of cold water over night. In the morning put it in a double boiler with a cup of hot water and let it simmer until perfectly clear, stirring often. Sweeten to taste and flavor with the juice of half a lemon and two tablespoonfuls of wine. Pour into cups and set away until perfectly cold. Whipped cream and sugar may be served with this jelly.

If preferred, a blanc-mange may be made with tapioca and milk by soaking a cup of tapioca in two cups of water over night. Place over the fire in a double boiler the soaked tapioca and stir into it two generous cups of boiling milk, three tablespoons of sugar, and a pinch of salt. Let it cook slowly fifteen minutes, stirring several times. Remove from the fire and flavor with wine or vanilla. Pour into individual moulds and set away to harden.

Orange jelly will often tempt, and look inviting. To make it, soak half a package of Cox gelatine in a teacup of cold water for an hour. Select perfect oranges and cut them through the centre and remove the inside, keeping the divided orange skins whole. Take a generous half pint of orange juice, beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth and add to the juice with a teacup of granulated sugar, a scant pint of hot water, and the soaked gelatine. Set the dish containing the mixture over a fire in a pan of boiling water and stir until it is thoroughly heated. Strain and fill the orange cups, and put in a cold place to harden.

To make Scotch panada use six crackers and scatter a little granulated sugar and a grain of salt over each cracker. Put them in a bowl and just cover with boiling water. Grate a little nutmeg over them and add two tablespoonfuls of wine. Cover the dish and let it stand in a warm place until the crackers are soaked, but not broken. Serve in the bowl.

A delicate egg wine is made thus: Beat the yolk of an egg very light, add to it two teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar and two tablespoonfuls of sherry or one of brandy or whiskey; beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth and stir into the yolk mixture. Pour into a glass with cracked ice.

To make mulled wine use one cup of fine sugar, a tumbler of sherry, and one egg; beat the egg to a froth and add the sugar; heat the wine, and when it is at boiling point pour the mixture in a pitcher and pour the hot wine over it, stirring it constantly; put in four whole cloves and the same quantity of allspice. Drink as soon as possible.

Another mulled wine is prepared thus: Put in an earthen bowl a small piece of cinnamon, three cloves a little piece of mace, and a half cup of water; cover and place over the fire in a pan containing boiling water, and let it remain ten minutes; when heated add to it two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a half pint of port wine; again cover, and let it remain until the wine is hot; strain and let it be taken as hot as possible. It may be poured over a well-beaten egg if nourishment is needed.

The Hair.

As the hair is woman's crowning glory, it should receive special care, for it adds much to beauty. It should be washed not oftener than once a month, as much washing removes the natural oil, which is necessary to vitality and glossiness. Wash it with pure soap and rinse well in soft water. Dry as much of the water out as possible with soft towels; then spread it over the shoulders before the fire; or if the weather is pleasant, in the open air. Moisten the scalp with alcohol or camphor after washing, to prevent taking cold.

Don't neglect to brush the hair well at least once a day. Some persons object to using a fine tooth comb, saying it causes dandruff. This is a mistaken idea. It helps the scalp to perform its natural function of throwing off the small scales of old cuticle, which always accumulate, and stimulates vitality; otherwise it would become incrusted, invite disease and cause the hair to fall out or turn gray. These fine, powdery scales are natural, unless too profuse, when you find the skin tissues need internal treatment. I noticed an old lady with a remarkably fine suit of hair, not a silver strand in it, and when asked what had preserved its youth and vitality, she replied:

"I don't know unless it is because I always use a fine toothed comb." As a cure for baldness it is recommended by good medical authority to paint the bald spot with tinture of cantharides every day or two. You can vary the time from a few days to weeks. Persevere in the treatment until the hair on the spot becomes too long for the application of the fluid to reach the scalp. Sometimes it requires six months' treatment, but you will be rewarded by a fine growth. Vaseline is another remedy which is recommended.

For Gray Hair—Most of the so-called "vegetable hair restorers" when analyzed contain sulphur, glycerin and acetate of lead. An extract made from walnut is considered good and not injurious. The Orientals wash their hair thoroughly and free it from oil, then use henna made into a paste with warm water. They let this remain on for more than an hour, then wash it with warm water. This treatment gives the hair a dark saffron color. After this, powdered leaves of the indigo plant is made into a similar paste and smeared on. In an hour they wash this off. Several hours later the dark hue appears. If a chestnut brown color is wished, after the oil has been washed off as before, they take one quart henna and three of pulverized indigo leaves, make into a paste and smear on the hair. One hour is usually sufficient to produce a light brown, and one and a half a dark brown color. It is claimed that this treatment is not only harmless but beneficial, and prevents baldness. But follow the first instructions in the hair and none of these restoratives will be needed for many years to come.

TOM'S SECOND MISSUS.

BETTY Alty was d ing. The neighbors had told her several times of late that they do.oted she was goin' a long road, an l the lengthening face of Tom, her Gaffer, appeared to endorse their prognostics; but Betty had never believed in her own critical condition until the doctor told her one day that she really was getting to the end of her tether.

"Well," said Betty, with a sigh, "th' A'mighty knows what's best fur us all. He couldn't ha' took me at a time when I'd ha' felt myself more ready to goo."

"Good old Betty!" said the doctor admiringly.

"Ah," continued Betty, "pig's killed, yo' see, an' chickens is pretty nigh grown, and taters 'll be got in a two-three days. There's nought mich left as wants seein' to. If it weren't fur th' thought o' th' Gaffer I'd be a'most fain to goo—this here cough shakes me to pieces very near—but eh, I cannot think whatever our Tom will do! Eh, doctor, yo'd never think how little sense he has fur a man of his years! He's that careless and foolish-like I welly lose patience wi' him sometimes. Yo'd never think. He'll sit aside o' fire and watch it gooin' out, an' never retch out 's'and to mend it; an' he'll put blackin' on t'wan boot happen twice ower, an' leave th' t'other dirty, an walk to church of a Sunday in it wi'out takin' a bit o' notice. An' sleep! Eh dear o' me that mon 'ud sleep I welly believe till just upon dinnertime if I wasn't theer to shake him an' shout in 's ear."

"Poor Tom," said the doctor, laughing and buttoning up his coat, "he'll be in a bad way I'm afraid when you're gone, Betty. He seems to be the kind of chap that wants a woman to take care of him."

"Eh, he it thot fur sure," agreed the wife sorrowfully. "I dunnot raly know how the Gaffer's to live wi'out no missus."

"Why he must take another missus that's all! If you will follow my advice, Betty, you'll pick out a good one yourself before you go, and then you'll be sure he'll be well looked after."

The doctor buttoned the last button as he spoke and broke into a loud and cheery "Ha, ha." He was a North-countryman, born and bred, and there was an occasional almost brutal frankness in his dealings with his patients. But they, being of the same kidney, liked him none the less for it. Usually a joke like this would have been laughingly applauded; but Betty, struck with the idea, answered in all seriousness:—

"That 'ud be th' best, but I reckon it'll be hard enough to find wan as 'ull do fur him same's me. We mun do the best we can as how it is."

The doctor withdrew, laughing and rolling his shoulders, and Betty, left alone, closed her eyes and fell to planning arrangements for her own funeral. Her mind, however, again reverted to the less cheerful subject of Tom's future prospects, and her face puckered itself into a thousand doleful wrinkles as she realized the difficulty of providing him with a suitable helpmate.

Presently Tom himself entered the adjoining room—Betty's bed had been "shifted" to the parlor since her last attack, as she found a difficulty in getting up and down stairs, and besides she could thus more conveniently superintend Tom's operations in the kitchen. She heard him poking up the fire now, and filling the kettle; then the thump, thump of his clogs as he kicked them off on the floor; finally he opened the door and came in. He was an under-sized, stout little man, with a ruddy, comical face, every feature of which seemed to turn up; even his eyebrows appeared to be climbing up his forehead, as though desirous of taking possession of the top of his head, which, indeed, sorely needed hirsute adornment.

He advanced slowly to his wife's bedside, contemplating her anxiously the while.

"How doesto find thysel' now?" he asked.

Betty's face assumed a certain melancholy importance.

"Doctor says I'm not long for this world, Tom, he does indeed. 'Yo're very near th' end o' yo're tether, Betty,' says he; so theer in't mich time to be lost i' geting ready, thou sees."

"Eh," said Tom, eying her very solemnly indeed. "Eh, Betty, I'm—I'm sorry, I am that."

"Well, said Betty, with a superior air, "we's all ha' to goo when we're time cooms. I allus thought yo'd be first, Tom, an' I'd planned to gi' yo' a nice funeral. But theer, it isn't the Lord's will. Thou'lt see as I'm laid out seemly—the best sheets is yonder o' th' top shelf o' th cupboard, an' I'd like to weer my little cap wi' th' lace borders. Yo' can boil th' big ham, an" have a nice bit o' cheese an' that, but no beer. Nay, I wunnot ha' no drinkin' at my buryin', an' so I tell thee."

"Well," said Tom, thoughtfully scraping his chin with his big fore-finger, I doubt folks 'll be a bit disapp'inted like; they alius look fur a drop o' summat—especially them as carry the coffin, thou knows. I'd be loth to vex thee, but still I'd like everything gradely at thy buryin', owd lass."

"Coom," conceded Betty, somewhat mollified, "thou can give bearers a mug each if thou likes then, but t'other folk mun do wi' coffee, an' thou'd happen best stick to coffee thysel'; 'T'ud never do fur thee to fuddle thysell on such a 'casion."

Tom looked a little blank, but he wisely forbore to discuss the point, and, after a moment's pause, observed with a deep sigh, "that he doubted if he'd 'ave mich 'eart for coffee at such a time,"

"Whatever mun I do when thou'rt gone, missus, I'm sure I don't know," he added hopelessly.

Betty raised herself on her elbow.

"Tom, I've been bethinkin' mysel' and unbethinkin' mysel'. Thou'rt noan the mak' o' chap as could get on wi'out a woman to do fur thee. Why thou 'ud clem sooner nor think o' gettin' thy mate fur thysel', and as fur cleanin' up, thou ud never notice if th' place wur a foot deep in muck. Thou 'ud need a body allus at thy elbow."

"Well," said Tom disconsolately, I reckon I'll ha' to make shift wi' some mak o' little lass as 'ull——"

"Little lass," interrupted the old woman indignantly. "That ud be a pretty to do! Set wan child to watch another, Same as blind leadin' blind."

"Ah, but," interpolated Tom mildly, "theer's none so much work i' this little cote. Would thou have me pay out wage to a full-grown woman to see twiddlin' her thumbs i' th' inglenook wan half of her time?"

"Did thou ever see me twiddle my thumbs for so mich as a minute, Tummas Alty? Theer's work enough here if it's done as it should be, I can tell thee. But I never said thou wast to pay out wage. Nought o' th' kind. Thou mun get wed, mon, as soon as thou con at arter I'm putten under ground. Yigh, thou mun tak' another missus, an' then thou'lt not have to pay naught, and hoo'll happen bring thee a bit o' brass i'stead."

"Eh, Betty!" said the Gaffer, taken aback. Whatever put sich a notion as that i' thy 'ead? I dunnot want no missuses at all arter thou'rt gone, I'm sure I don't. I'd be a bonny bridegroom, jist upon sixty-four! Eh, the neighbors 'ud think me a grandly fool."

"Nay, nobry'd reckon it nought but nat'ral—a lone mon same's thee. An' what's sixty-four? Didn't owd Ned Turner get wed w h he wur seventy-two an' his wife gone .venty? Hoo was his first love, they say, an' kept company wi' him a year and more when they was young folks. Then hoo went to service an' Ned took up with another lass. An' when they coom together again every wan said it was beautiful.

"Coom, if that's all," cried Tom, fired with a spirit of emulation, "theer was poor Ann Norris as I coorted afore I met thee. Hoo's a widow now, an' childer is all upgrown an' settled. Hoo'd be glad enough, I reckon, if we was to mak' it up again."

"Now thot's downreet ondacent on thee, Tummas, to be bringing up Ann Norris to me now as I've wan foot i' th' grave! Thou an' me has had mony a word afore about Ann Norris. A poor sickly, ill-favvored body hoo is too, and allus was, an' wan as never was good fur mich at ony time. If thou was to wed her you'd both coom to th' Union afore ought was long, fur sure!"

"Well, well, Betty, I did but name her, thou knows. I thought hoo'd happen do fur me as well as another, an' both bein' widowed 'tud ha' seemed more coomfortable like."

"Coomfortable!" ejaculated Betty ironically; "ah! 't 'ud be very coomfortable to hear 't owd body castin' up 'usband to thee fro' morn till neet! Hoo thought the world o' Joe, hoo did—eh, they was a proper pair o' dunnerheads! An hoo'll be casting him up at thee all roads."

"Coom then," said Tom, who was anxious to meet Betty's views if possible, "what says to wan o' Gilbertson's daughters. They'n never been wed nor coorted neither as I've heerd on."

"Eh, Tom, Tom! Eh, dear o' me! However wilto mak' shift to get along in this world? Why the oldest o' Gilbertson's lasses is but wan-an-twenty year old."

"Ay, an' a bonny lass too," remarked Tom, with a certain contemplative air; "straight as a dart, and her mother's reet hond they say."

"An' doesto think hoo'll be like to tak' to thee wi' thy bald head an' all? Here the old woman was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing, during which her husband regarded her with an expression of the utmost bewilderment and concern.

"Well, whatever mum I do?" he asked as she sank back exhausted on her pillows. "I'm nob but fur doin' as thou reckons best, thou knows an' I cannot call to mind nobry else as would jus' suit."

"Theer's Margaret Heptonstall, isn't there?" suggested Betty, with an oddly triumphant intonation. "Tom, I tell thee hoo's th' wife fur thee! a staid, sensible, thrifty body, wi' a tidy bit saved. I fancy, Margaret 'ud mak' thee rarely comfortable, Tummas."

Mr. Alty's face did not assume the rapture which might have been expected.

"Hoo's gettin' into years pretty well, isn't hoo?" he asked doubtfully, "an' hoo's a terrible sharp tongue they say."

"No sharper than other folkses," retorted Betty. "If yo' speak civil to Margaret hoo'll speak civil to you. Her and me were allus pretty thick, and I never had nought to complain on. Hoo's a notable body is Margaret, an' who mun be a good ten year younger than thyself', Tom. Eh, I can mind her fire-irons! Last time I went to see her they fair glittered, they did, an' her table was scrubbed till yo' could eat off it, and the tiles o' th' floor, I could welly see myself in em! Hoo'd keep this here parlor nice, fur sure, an' never let a bit o' rust coom nigh the pots an' pans i' th' kitchen as I've allus took sich pride in."

Tom grunted.

"Hoo'd do for thee," went on Betty enthusiastically; "eh, dear, its a pleasure to think how coomfortable hoo'd mak' thee."

Tom's countenance still betrayed but moderate satisfaction.

"I'd rest easy i' th' ground if I knowed as Margaret was seein' to thee. Hoo's a wonderful hand at pork-pie, Tom, and as fur sassages an' black-puddin's hers is reckoned the best i' th' village."

"Say no moor," cried Tom with sudden determination, we's do it if thou'rt so set on't! Hoo isn't wan as I'd ha' thought o' pickin' fur mysel', but if thou'rt satisfied all's reet.'"

"An' thou'll call round to Margaret's tomorrow wilto? an' ax her to step over here a bit. I'd like to put her in th' way o' things afore I go."

Mr. Alty assented; and the next day, donning his Sunday coat and hat, but retaining his corduroy nether-garments—a costume eminently adapted to the solemn but business-like errand on which he was bent—he duly betook himself to the abode of poor Betty's prospective successor.

Margaret Heptonstall, a tall gaunt woman, with a frosty eye, and an angular cast of feature, was standing with her back to the door, and her bony arms plunged up to the elbows in soapsuds.

"Good-afternoon," observed Tom diffidently, his eyebrows climbing a little further up his forehead than usual. "Yo'll have heerd as our missus is down wi' th' titus an' not expected to recover."

"Ah," returned Margaret, I did hear summat o' th' kind. It'll be a bad job fur you, Mr. Alty, won't it? Dun yo' want me to lay her out or that?"

"Not exactly," returned Tom dolefully," "who isn't dead yet, yo' see——"

"Eh, but's allus well to look for'ard an' not be leavin'things to the last."

"Hoo towd me to step round and ax' yo' to look in fur a two-three minutes. Hoo's awful anxious to see yo', an' hoo'd tak it very kind o' yo' to coom."

Margaret's face clouded, and she clacked her tongue against the roof of her mouth before replying.

"Well, if it hadn't ha' been washin' day there'd ha' been no trouble about it, but I'm i' th' very thickest of my wark now. I'd ha' thought yo'r Betty 'ud ha knowed Tuesday was a busy day wi' me. Is it summat parti c'lar?"

"Well, it is rayther partic'lar,' said Tom, while his eyebrows actually disappeared under his hat. "Hoo wouldn't ha' axed it I'm sure wi'out it wur thot. Hoo's awful troubled i' her mind, Margaret, and hoo allus thought a dale o' yo'."

Miss Heptonstall slowly withdrew her arms from the tub, wiped them, and pulled down her sleeves; then she stalked into the adjoining room, presently emerging, bonnetted and shawled.

"I'll nobbut feed th' dumb things an' then I'm ready," she remarked.

Tom stood by while two large black cats were each provided with a saucer of milk, and a fat and ancient collie dog invited to partake of an immense dish of porridge; after which Margaret sallied forth with a pailful of scraps for the hens.

"Yo' might give pigs their mate," she observed, nodding sideways at an overflowing bucket in the corner. "It'll save time."

Tom looked ruefully at his Sunday coat and wondered what Betty would say; but he did not venture to protest, aud neither was he possessed of sufficient enterprise to doff the garment in question before betaking him to his task.

At last they set off, Tom lagging comfortably behind, according to his invariable custom when escorting Betty. But to his annoyance, Margaret accommodated her pace to his, and insisted on keeping abreast of him.

She asked questions, too, which required answers, instead of keeping to the good old-established rule which prescribes an occasional placid remark on the one hand and a monosyllabic grunt on the other.

When they arrived at his cottage he ushered Miss Heptonstall, according to Betty's orders, straight into the sick room. Betty was sitting up in bed, a flush on her hollow cheeks and her eyes unusually bright. She received her visitor solemnly and pointed to a chair.

"Sit yo' down, Margaret, do, and Tom, dunnot thou be fur leavin' us. Coom round here to cheer t'other side o' th' bed."

Tom, who had been going out of the room, came back rather unwillingly, walked round the bed, and sat down, hitching up his trousers at the knees.

Betty thereupon, at great length and with much persuasive detail, broached her plan to Margaret, whose astonishment knew no bounds.

"Well, of all!" she began, when at last a pause in Betty's speech enabled her to put in a word. "Well, Betty! I never could ha' dreamed o' sich a thing! I never reckoned to change my condition at this time o' day, and I never did hold wi' men folks as how 'tis. Nay, nay, no men fur me, I've allus said!"

"Ah, but, see yo', Margaret," cried Betty warmly, "our Tom's not same 's other folks. Eh, he's that quiet and that good natured I could never tell you. I scarce know half my time whether he's in th' house or out o't."

Here Tom's countenance assumed an expression of gratified surprise, and he hitched up the knees of his trousers again.

"I welly believe theer never was sich a wan as our Tom! Never no drinking nor swearin' nor traipsin' off to th' town o' neets. Every penny of his wage he hands ower to me reg'lar, an' he'll wark—eh, dear! how thot mon of mine will wark! Never one minute idle."

Tom, rubbing his hands up and down on his knees, looked more and more elated and astonished. Really he had had no idea that Betty had such a high opinion of him.

"And see how coomfortable he'd mak' yo'. He's addlin' good wage—eighteen shillin' a week, yo' known—and he's saved a bit, an' he's wan o' th owdest members o' the club."

Margaret, visibly moved, gazed at Tom with an appraising eye, he, meanwhile endeavoring to appear wholly unconcious; but he thought within his own mind that Margaret would be very foolish indeed if she did not at once close with the offer.

"Ah, Margaret, I tell yo'," pursued Betty emphatically, yo'll be a happy craitur if yo'll take our Gaffer. Ony woman 'ud think hersel' lucky to get sich a chance."

"Coom," said Tom, grinning bashfully, "theer, missus, thot'll do! Thou'rt sayin' too mich."

"Nay, lad, I couldna say too mich, nor half enough. Who's to say it if I dunnot? I ought to know, as has been wed to thee thirty year an' more."

"Thou has, owd lass, thou has," cried Tom, suddenly beginning to whimper. "Thirty year, eh! dear o' me. I dunno however I'm to take up wi' a new un."

He wiped his eyes with his coat-cuff, and sobbed.

"Get away wi' thee, wilto, leatherhead," said Betty in an angry whisper: "thou'rt allus sp'ilin' everything! Out wi' thee to kitchen, an' set 'taters on to boil."

He shambled out, and the two women continued to discuss the projected alliance; Margaret finally consenting to become, in due time, the second Mrs. Alty.

"It'll be a wonderful coomfort to my mind, Margaret," observed the present possessor of that title. "I know yo're jest sich a wan fur scrubbin' an' cleaning as mysel'. Yo'll keep steel bar on my fender bright, an' wash the chany careful; an' theer's a two-three silver spoons i' th' cupboard, but I never use them, yo' known."

Margaret nodded.

"I reckon I'll have a look round afore I go," she said. Con I do anything for yo', Betty.

"Nay, thank yo'; I have a drink here. Barley-water an' milk, yo' see. I dunnot care fur mich else. But stop an' have a bit o' dinner yoursel'. Theer's a nice bit of cowd pork, an' 'taturs 'ull be ready afore aught's long."

"Well, I could do wi' a bit," replied Margaret.

A great snuffing and scratching at the bedroom door interrupted her, and she laughed.

"Why, here's poor Laddie! Eh, weren't it clever o' th' craitur to follow me here? I'ts wonderful the sense he has!"

She opened the door as she spoke, and the collie rushed in; bouncing up against Betty's bed with his tore paws, and making muddy tracks on her sheets. She pushed him feebly away, with a little scream, at once angry and terrified.

"My word, Margaret, whatever are yo' thinkin' on? An' Tom—I do wonder at him, lettin' the brute in here! Th' mon hasn't a bit o' sense! Eh, Margaret, turn it out, do!"

"He'll noan hurt yo'," said Miss Heptonstall; "he's the goodnaturedest beast alive, an' that knowin', yo'd think he'd talk sometimes. I'm fond of all wick things, but he's my favoryite. Ah, when him an' me's sat aside o' th' fire, I'd ax no better company. An' he sleeps under my bed o' neets, as quiet as a Christian."

"Under th' bed!" exclaimed Betty, deeply scandalized—"under th' bed! Did onybody ever hear o' sich a tale? My word, Marg'ret, yo'll ha' to give ower that mak' o' wark if yo reckon to coom here! I'll no ha' dogs an' sich-like coomin' into my 'ouse, messin' about wi' their muddy paws, an' knockin' ower things wi' their great tails! I never did howd wi' 'em, an' I'm noan goin' to have 'em about when I'm gone."

Margaret was either too good-tempered or too obtuse to make the obvious retort that, when she was installed as Tom's missus, Betty would no longer be in a position to object to any novelty she might wish to introduce. She sniffed a little instead of replying, and stalked into the kitchen, leaving the door ajar.

Betty lay back, panting; the recent discussion had exhausted her, and her growing irritation was now almost more than she could bear. With dilated nostrils and parted lips she listened to the movements and conversation of the pair in the kitchen.

"Dun yo' allus ha' 'taters boiled i' their jackets?" she heard Margaret say, "I like 'em better peeled an' steamed mysel'!"

"Our missus reckons it's more wasteful," rejoined Tom.

"Not a bit, if it's done careful. An' they're a deal tastier. Boiled an' steamed, yo' known, an' then browned a bit, i' th' oo'n, eh, they're wonderful good."

"Very like they are," agreed Tom, and Betty felt unreasonably angry.

"Here's the pork," went on Margaret. "H'm! time to eat it; it's getting mouldy."

"'Twas nobbut cooked day afore yesterday," cried Betty, but so feebly that no one heard her.

Margaret clattered about, peering into dishes and opening drawers. Betty writhed as she pictured the cold eyes prying into her treasures, the calculating fingers touching them.

"Hoo might ha' waited till I were dead," she said to herself.

"Here's a good few apples," Margaret observed presently. "They'll coom in nice fur sauce wi' that dry bit o' pork. I'll make it in a minute, see!"

"Nay, they apples is fur turnovers at the week end yo' known," returned Alty. "When beef's done, an' we're put to fur a bit, it makes a change wi' a mouthful or two o' cheese. We

never ha' sauce wi'out at Michaelmas and Christmas when we'n a goose."

"Well, I think cowd pork's poor mate fur onybody. I'll mak' yo' a bit o' sauce in a two-three minutes; yo'll fancy your dinner a deal more."

Tom made no further protest. Unprincipled Tom, was this the way he repaid Betty for all her long anxious years of thrift and saving?

As for Margaret she was an extravagant hussy, a good fur-nought, wi' her wasteful, wheelin' ways! Certainly, if Betty had known what she was, she would never have selected her as a mate for her Gaffer. But, indeed, the Gaffer was just as bad. If he had had the spirit of a mouse, he'd have stood up for Betty, and maintained that her ways were best; and instead of that he would gobble up his sauce, for sure, and show that he enjoyed it! Betty felt more and more wrathful against Tom; oddly enough, even more than against Margaret.

"Well, all's ready now," observed Margaret, after a short interval.

"Pull up then," returned her host. "Help yo'rsel' do, Miss Heptonstall."

Ah, they were getting on very nicely, and never a thought to the poor dying woman in the next room! Well, well, she'd soon be out o' their road now, but she did think Tom would have shown more feelin'.

"Yo'r table-cloth's pretty well wore out," observed the visitor, presently; "theer's more darns than stuff. Is this yo'r Betty's mendin'?"

"Ah," said Tom.

"I allus use a finer thread mysel', but I've a beautiful lot o' new table-cloths. Wan on 'em 'ud be nice fur the funeral."

"Nay," put in Betty from the inner room, "I'll not ha' nought but my own stuff."

"Wasto callin', owd wench?" asked Tom mildly, but Betty had pulled the sheet over her face and did not respond.

She sobbed a little while she hid her face thus.

It was some time before she made up her mind to emerge, and when she did so, strange sounds met her ear. The couple in the next room were having "words," and Tom's voice was uplifted indignantly.

"It's our missus's cheer, I tell yo', I'll noan ha' the dog set in our missus's cheer."

"Goodness gracious! Wan cheer's no better than another. Laddie allus sets i' th' armcheer at our place. He'll noan hurt it, an' thy missus 'ill never need it no more."

"Well, if hoo doesn't set in it, nobry else shall set in't," shouted Tom. "Theer now! I'll not have it."

"Why, then, I tell yo', Master Atly, if I'm to coom to this 'ouse I'll set in ony cheer I fancy, an do jest as I please! If I'm to coom to this 'ouse I'll coon as missus, an' not tak' no words fro' nobry."

"Then yo' needn't coom!" shouted Tom. "I'll ha' noan o' yo'. I'll ha' nobry settin' i' our missus's place an' findin' fault wi' our missus's ways! An' yo' con goo as soon as yo'n a mind to—yo' an' yon ill-favvored cur o' yours! I'll be fain to see th' last on yo'."

The plates and glasses jingled as he struck the table with his fist; there was a scraping back of chairs, and hasty footfalls sounded on the tiled floor.

"I'm fain to goo, then," cried Margaret shrilly; "but dunnot yo' coom axin' me back, thot's all."

"Nay," said Tom, "I wunnot."

The house door banged, and the Gaffer, rushing into Betty's room, sank down upon her bed and burst into tears.

"Eh, missus," he sobbed plaintively, "I cannot thooal it— nay, I cannot! Eh, thou may barge at me as mich as thou likes. Hoo's gone an' I'm glad on't! Eh, I thought I'd ha' choked wi' that sauce o' hers! Nay, lass, I cannot do wi' a strange woman arter all they years as thou an' me's been wed! I dunnot want nobry but thee."

A tremulous smile crept over Betty's old face, and she stretched out a shaking hand, which Tom grasped fervently.

"But whatever wilto do when I'm gone?" she asked, after a moment.

"I dunno," responded Tom, still clutching her hand; "but I'll never have another missus—I know thot. I'd a dale sooner go to th' Union."

"Eh, mon, I couldna rest i' my grave if thou wert i' th' Union."

"Why, then, thou mun not goo to thy grave owd lass—thou munnot truly! Eh, Betty, couldn't thou mak' a shift to live a bit longer? Happen I'm noan so long fur this world mysel'. I'd a deal sooner we went together."

Betty looked wistfully at him.

"If it were th' A'mighty's will," she said. "Eh, well, I'll try to howd on fur a bit."

. . . . . .

Betty's efforts were crowned with success. This little drama took place more than two years ago, and she is not dead yet.

M. E. FRANCIS.

For the Ladies' Journal.

A NOVEMBER SCENE BY LAKE ERIE.

BY JEAN MURDOCK, CHARING CROSS, ONT.

ONE November evening when the land lay hard and black and frozen in the clutches of one of those biting autumn frosts peculiar to Ontario, Erie presented a beautiful if terrible sight.

All day long the wind had raged and howled and torn through the leafless branches of the trees causing them to writhe their long fingers with moans of almost human anguish. Over the hard brown earth the dry leaves scudded to be swirled in drifting banks in some sheltered nook; while the poor shivering horses and cattle huddled together wishing with all their animal hearts it were time to be stabled snugly out of reach of the biting blast. A raw cheerless chilling day, such as only November with her driving storms of rain and hail and sleet and snow, her bleak and gloomy skies affords us.

All day long Erie boomed and seethed and struggled tossing aloft her wild foam caps and bursting with thundering shock on the bare level stretch of gray beech that runs down to Eriean. Such a wild desolate place with a low marsh on one side all grown up with tangled sword-grass and rushes and full of hideous snakes and toads and water rats; its only redeeming feature being that it was the home for innumerable wild duck and snipe and plover thus affording a resort for sportsmen: And there from morn till even in the shooting season might be heard the Crack! Crack! of the guns the merry talk and laughter or the cautious whisper of the knickerbockered nimrods as they brought down the feathery prey. On the other side lay Erie calm and blue and sparkling in the summer days but now gray and restless and utterly cheerless.

On the evening of such a day as I have just described while the ragged, angry clouds drifted sullenly across the sky a spark—perhaps from the pipe of some fisherman—set fire to all that waste of tinder-dry grass and in less space of time than it takes to tell it the marsh was on fire.

The night had closed in and the land lay dark and shivering in the arms of the blast. The wind roared pitilessly on and the waves lashed ceaselessly against the desolate outline of gray barren sand. Only the wild shriek of some storm-tossed gull could be heard in the lullings of the storm.

Suddenly a volume of smoke rolled up heavy and dense to meet the lowering clouds above; then a little blaze creeping slyly, but surely, along until it gained a vantage ground; then the crackle of the dry grass and the fire-fiend shot boldly up to the sky illumining such a wild almost unearthly scene as scarce admits of description. The flames themselves with a wild rush and roar and crackle presented a wall of living fire, throwing into stern relief on the land side—the bare leafless woods that stretched behind them, above—the scudding cloud-rack and on the lake-side Erie—troubled as she could never have been troubled before.

The wild gray waves crowned with caps of fleecy foam rolled mountains high chasing each other in wild commotion until they fell with a thundering shock against the sand leaving a long line of white foam trailing behind them as they ebbed back and tossing the spray far over into the hissing, seething flames. Over the whole gray waste played the red glare of the dancing fire; lighting up the white plumage of the frightened birds that flew screaming away from their burning homes seeking safety in flight.

The unparalleled grandeur of that scene was burnt in upon my brain. I had seen Erie in many moods but never had I beheld her so terribly grand as like some great living monster she did battle with her foe the wind.

Oh pity the poor sailor whose duty it is to go out on those treacherous waters that can smile and dimple and look so blue and inviting in the sun but in time of storm can rage and fume and destroy his frail bark in mad glee and then smile the next day as brightly as ever.

Oh treacherous blue water! Oh raging, angry foam-caps! "With all thy faults," blue Erie "we love thee still."

Farewell to the Year.

BY BLANCHE R. HUDDLESTON.

Oh, tuneful bells that ring at night!
Oh, bells that greet the early morn!
Ring out the old year, bent and white;
Ring in the new year, midnight-born.

We all rejoice, and earth is gay
To see thee, old year, in thy flight;
Some thoughts of thee are put away,
And others will be ever bright.

Good-by, old year! Thy joys and pains
To mortals have been freely given;
Methinks thy losses and thy gains
Are balanced in the Book of Heaven.

Good-by, old year! An icy tear
Old winter drops upon thee, low;
The clouds of January, cold and drear,
Will wrap thee in a cloak of snow.

Good-by, old year! The morning's gray
Falls on thy chilly winding-sheet,
And with a tear I turn away
To greet the New Year's infant feet.

Words of Cheer.

Words of cheer are words of help. Words of gloom are words of harm. There is a bright side and a dark side to every phase of life and to every hour of time. If we speak of the bright side we bring the brightness into prominence; if we speak of the dark side we deepen its shadows. It is in our power to help or to hinder by a word any and every person whom we are with. If we see a look of help or of hope in the face of an acquaintance whom we casually meet, and we tell him so, he goes on his way with new life in his veins. If we see a look of failing strength and of heaviness of heart in one to whom we speak, and we emphasize the fact that he looks poorly, we give him a push downward as our contribution to the forces which affect his course. A look or a word can help or can harm our fellows. It is for us to give cheer or gloom as we pass on our way in life; and we are responsible for the results of our influence accordingly.

Nancy's Nightmare.

I am the doll that Nancy broke!
  Hadn't been hers a week.
One little squeeze, and I sweetly spoke;
  Rosy and fair was my cheek.
Now my head lies in a corner bar,
  My body lies here in the other;
And if this is what human children are,
  I never will live with another!

I am the book that Nancy read
  For fifteen minutes together;
Now I am standing here on my head,
  While she's gone to look at the weather.
My leaves are crushed in the cruelest way;
  There's a jam on my opening page;
And I would not live with Miss Nancy Gay
  Though I shouldn't be read for an age!

We are the words that Nancy said
  When these things were brought to her view.
All of us ought to be painted red,
  And some of us are not true.
We splutter and mutter and snarl and snap.
  We smoulder and smoke and blaze;
And if she'd not meet with some sad mishap,
  Miss Nancy must mend her ways.

Happy the Girl With a Brother.

THE girl who has grown up among girls alone, who has had no brothers and—terrible loss of a delightful intimacy—no brother's friends, is very sincerely to be pitied. Her mind in this case may be wholly feminine; in it there is no touch of the comprehension of the masculine. Yet she may marry and have to learn by experience what she might have known by a kind of instinct -that men are not the same as women. It is impossible for a man to realize how deeply wounded such a girl may be before she learns to accept facts as they are. Before the honeymoon is over she discovers what she considers unaccountable want of sympathy on the part of her husband. In all matters relating to herself he is still genuinely interested, but the home letters seem to bore him, or he shows frankly that he is only interested in them because she is reading them aloud to him. He forgets things she tells him about her friends, and is curiously inattentive to details. He even leaves the little pin that she bought as a surprise for him lying carelessly about, and when she makes him up a flower for his buttonhole laughs and asks her if she wants him to look like 'Arry out for a holiday. She discovers that one of the silk handkerchiefs which she herself embroidered with his initial has been used to clean out a pipe. She hides her feelings, but she is so used to enlarging the importance of little things that these seem to betray the fact that her husband does not care for her as he did. When the honeymoon is over and they are settled at home the same want is apparent. For one thing, the man never says he loves her as he did at first. He may show it in a hundred ways that are far more costly than words, but a woman who is wholly a woman and nothing more wants words. She is always imagining things. She wants him and him alone, but he often goes off for a whole day hunting or shooting and seems to enjoy it, though she is not there. The bitter thought that she is learning by experience that "a man's love is but a part of man's life," makes her miserable and if she is a jealous woman she will end by making everyone else in the household miserable, too. But if she is sensible the heartache will die away; she will get to understand her husband, and teach herself to become self-controlled, and refrain from worrying him about the small matters that up till then have formed her world. She will gain self-control, and her love will teach her the rest. She may feel in her heart that the woman's part in married life is the harder, but she will accept it, and be braced in both mind and heart. The girl with brothers will probably learn her lesson before marriage; she knows that men are different from women, neither better nor worse, but different, and she will have no cherished ideals to overturn in the honeymoon.

Care of Clothing.

Few are ever so over burdened with clothing that they can afford to neglect caring for it properly. Nothing shows poor care sooner than wearing apparel, and the way it is treated when not worn has as much, if not more, to do with its appearance as when worn. It is of course, the easiest thing on coming in from a walk or drive, to leave our dress in a heap wherever we may happen to step out of it. It may be such a relief to get rid of our clothes that we fail to consider the consequences, and when our pretty dress loses its stylish appearance we wonder that a thing we paid so much for does not last longer.

A dress should never be hung away without a thorough brushing; it will preserve its appearance and then you are sure that it is in good order when next wanted. All clothes which are not laundered should be well aired. When a dress is removed, the waist should be hung inside out in a window, in order to remove all traces of perspiration. Some women use all manner of scents and sachet powders, but a good airing is much better.

Once a week a neat woman will examine all her belongings which are in constant use, and carefully make all needed repairs, sew up all rips, mend all holes, put on missing buttons and hooks, the absence of which will detract from the tidiness and style of the handsomest costume. Everything from shoes to gloves should be included in the general overhauling.

Every garment which is not put away in a drawer should be provided with hangers; two on each skirt and waist, so that they may not get out of shape. Have plenty of hooks in order that half a dozen garments may not have to be hung on one hook. If a garment is not carefully hung it will present a wrinkled and untidy appearance.

If there is not sufficient closet room, procure a few yards of cretonne which will harmonize with the other colors in the room, and make a curtain. Nail in a secure place on your bedroom wall a board on which are placed a number of hooks. The curtain should be long enough to almost reach the floor, and be hung onto each hook either by a loop of tape or buttonholes made in it. This is a very good protection from dust. Another way to preserve good dresses is to have long bags made of muslin which may be slipped over the garments after they are hung up. It is not a good idea to hang a skirt inside out.

Clothing will last twice as long if properly taken care of; gloves and stockings should be carefully mended as soon as a hole appears shoes should be wiped with a dry cloth and polished when taken off, and when not used be stuffed with paper. Little boxes for gloves, ribbons, laces, or other articles which women find so necessary, do not require much room and always tend to keep a room tidy-looking.

The secret of good dressing lies not in what one has to put on, but in the way it is put on, and the way it has been cared for.

Girls Should Learn

That one hundred cents make a dollar.

How to arrange the parlor and kitchen also.

How to wear a calico dress and do it like a queen.

How to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gloves.

To dress for comfort and health, as well as appearance.

To make the sleeping room the neatest room in the house.

That tight lacing is uncomely, as well as very injurious to health.

How to cultivate flowers, and make and keep the kitchen garden.

To observe the old rule; "a place for everything, and everything in its place."

The important trueism, that the more they live within their income, the more they will save and the farther they will get away from the poor-house.

Transpositions.

Transpositions is a game something like anagrams, but in many ways is an improvemen upon it. The company being provided with pencils and paper, each player selects the name of some town or historical personage, or something of the sort, and transposes the letters that make up the proper name selected, so that the name may be as unintelligible as possible. In connection with this the player writes a brief description of the person or place in such a way that a good hint is given regarding it. These papers are then passed around the circle for each to examine, writing upon another piece of paper a conjecture as to the person or place designed. After each transposition has passed completely around, the solutions are given.

Hunt the Slipper.

In playing this game, which is more adapted to children than to grown people, the party is seated, and one is given a slipper. In the centre of the circle a player stands as the hunter. As the players bend forward, the slipper is passed from hand to hand beneath the knees in such a way as to he hidden from the hunter as much as possible.

The hunter, as he catches a glimpse of it, must snatch after the slipper, and catch it if he can. If he succeeds, the player from whose hands he takes it must become hunter in turn. It is permissible to throw the slipper in the centre of the circle if the player is hard pressed, when it is caught up by some one else; or, if the hunter gets it, the player who threw it must take the hunter's place.

Wishes.

Each one of the company should be supplied with pieces of paper of a uniform size and a pencil. Some one reads off these questions and time is given to answer each one. The papers are folded and collected. Then they are read by one of the party and the rest are to guess whose answers they are. The more ridiculous the answers the merrier for the company.

Whom do you wish to be, if not yourself?

Where would you wish to live?

How would you wish to look?

What would you wish to do?

Where would you wish to go?

Whom would you like to marry?

What accomplishments would you wish to possess?

What is the brightest saying you can recall?

Boys Wanted.

"Wanted—a boy." How often we
These very common words may see!
Wanted—a boy to errands run.
Wanted for everything under the sun.
All that the men to-day can do
To-morrow the boys will be doing, too;
For the time is quickly coming when
The boys must stand in place of men.

Wanted—the world wants boys to-day,
And she offers them all she has for pay—
Honor, wealth, position, fame,
A useful life and a deathless name.
Boys to shape the paths for men,
Boys to guide the plow and pen,
Boys to forward the tasks begun;
For the world's great task is never done.

The world is anxious to employ
Not just one but every boy
Whose heart and brains will e'er be true
To work his hands shall find to do.
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind;
To good awake, to evil blind;
Heart of gold, without alloy.
Wanted—the world wants such a boy.

Frisk.

FRISK is a cunning pet squirrel belonging to a friend, and how I made his acquaintance was quite amusing, at least to his owner. As we were going from the dining-room to the parlor, he pointed to an overcoat hanging on a nail, and told me to put my hand in the pocket and see what was in it. Such a surprise! The warm squirming little body made me withdraw my hand in a hurry, when up popped a pretty brown head, with bead-like eyes and a most inquisitive little nose. It whisked out of the pocket and leaped to its master's shoulder, where it sat up on its hind feet, holding one forepaw against its breast, a habit it had when listening. It was about two months old, and had been in my friend's possession so long that it did not know anything about wild, outdoor life, and had very little fear of any one.

It had chosen the overcoat pocket for its home, and when tired of running about the rooms, could always be found there. It was very frolicsome and playful, and somewhat careless as to danger, for one day it was running as usual, climbing up the backs of chairs, window-curtains, etc., when it slipped, and splash it went into a bucket of water. It was no sooner in than out again, and made a straight shoot for the pocket, and was quiet for some time. It evidently did not like plunge baths. It was extravagantly fond of peanuts; standing up on its hind feet and holding a peanut between its fore paws, just as a person would hold a "roasting ear," it soon nibbles off the shell, and then devours the kernel in short meter. Some friends present wished to see him nibble the shells from the nuts, but for some reason he stubbornly refused to face the audience, turning his back on them, no matter how often he was turned face about. As he was not afraid, it must have been a natural way he had of hiding his food when eating.

Some time afterward, I went out to the kitchen, and as I went, passed the overcoat, and looking up, there was the squirrel hanging—yes, hanging—limp as a rag, over the nail, fore paws and head on one side, hind feet and bushy tail on the other; his eyes were closed, and he was to all appearances dead. Startled at his appearance, I reached up and touched him, calling him by name. Flash went the black eyes, the bushy tail spread out, and the helpless-looking little body was as brimful of life and activity as ever. Perhaps he had found the pocket too warm, and concluded to try the outside air for a nap.

Sometimes he is allowed the freedom of the yard, when he races up and down the trees to his heart's content, returning, when called, to his master; or he will dig the soft earth, very industriously searching for particles of something, which he eats with evident relish. He is very fond of hard cookies or snaps, holding and nibbling them with a rapid rotary motion that keeps them turning in his paws and they retain their round shape until they are finally eaten. Leaves of lettuce is another thing of which he is very fond. Frisk is a very cleanly and interesting pet, and as long as he does not have to be kept in a cage, one can enjoy his playful capers, believing that he is happy, too.

About Three Dogs.

An English paper tells of a dog in Birmingham that is devoted to dolls. The owner of the dog had a little daughter who taught the dog to carry her doll. The dog became so fond of the doll that he would snatch it and carry it to his kennel and lie down beside it. The children of the neighborhood thought this was fun and would ask the dog's owner: "Please, may your dog come and take my doll for a walk?"

Alas! now the dog snatches dolls from the little owners and runs off to his kennel. He never harms them, carrying them by their clothes. One day he brought four dolls home. He is no longer favorite; his reputation as a friend of the children is gone. He does not wait to be asked to take the dolls for a walk he runs off with them without the owner's consent.

The mistress of this little animal says:

"Rags is the dearest, cleverest dog in the world. He can do every thing but speak. We set him up sometimes, as he is in the portrait, to imitate father. When father reads the paper, which takes a long time, he always puts it down and says there's nothing in it. Rags can't find anything in it, either. So you see the imitation is very close."

The hero of this last story is a dog named Sam, and the story was told by a well-known man to the Philadelphia Record.

"Sam is a setter and belongs to a man named McCormick, who keeps a restaurant down at Atlantic City. I was down there last week and saw the dog going through a remarkable performance. A man in a crowd of six or eight people will take a nickel from his pocket, wrap it in a piece of paper and give it to the dog. Sam trots off to a corner where an Italian keeps a fruit stand. The Italian places an orange in a paper bag and pretty roon Sam comes trotting back with his purchase, wagging his tail and showing every exhibition of profound satisfaction. He will then hunt out the man who gave him the nickel, never making a mistake, apparently wishing to show that he hasn't squandered the money foolishly.

"After that he takes the orange from the bag and plays with it until he is tired. Then he eats it. He first bites a piece out of the skin, just as a man who has no knife might do, and then breaks it in two pieces. He is fond of oranges, but, although he manages to get the meat of the fruit, he will never swallow even a morsel of the skin."

How to Read a Book.

The first thing to do in reading a book, or a story in a magazine, or any other thing worth reading, is to ascertain who wrote it. An author talks to us in his books, and just as we like to know the friends we talk with we should like to know the name of the manor woman whose published thoughts are entering our daily lives. Therefore, make it a rule to read the title page of the volume in your hand; and if there be a preface, unless there be a very long one, read that, too. You will in this way establish an acquaintance with your author; you will know him by sight, and soon you will know him more intimately. Every author has little ways and words of his own, and you will find yourself recognizing these very swiftly and lovingly. By and by, when you happen in your story on some phrase, or turn of a sentence, or little jesting mannerism which belongs to the author, you will feel well pleased.

Great Young Men.

Charles James Fox was in Parliament at nineteen.

The great Cromwell left the University of Cambridge at eighteen.

Gladstone was in Parliament at twenty-two, and at twenty-four was lord of the treasury.

Webster was in college at fifteen, gave evidence of his great future before he was twenty-five, and at thirty he was the peer of the ablest man in Congress.

Napoleon at twenty-five, commanded the army of Italy. At thirty he was not only one of the most illustrious generals of the time, but one of the great lawgivers of the world. At forty-six he saw Waterloo.

Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, conceded to have been one of the profoundest statesmen and one of the best generals Christendom has seen.

Martin Luther had become largely distinguished at twenty-four, and at fifty-six had reached the topmost round of his world-wide fame.

The great Louis X. was pope at thirty-eight. Having finished his academic training he took the office of cardinal at eighteen, only twelve months younger than was Charles James Fox when he entered Parliament.

The "Evoluted" Coat.

If one knew the history of dress, one would know the history of all peoples. When you look at a man's dress coat, it certainly does not suggest war. Yet it is said that the two buttons on the back are the reminders of the time when men wore swords. Then buttons were at the back of the coat to hold the sword-belt in place. Some students think that these buttons are the reminders of the time when men used to fasten up the skirts of their coats when riding. The thought of ceremony attached to the wearing of a dress coat is said to date back to the early Egyptians, when the kings wore a lion's tail hanging down their backs.

Incongruous Friends.

A pretty story of affection between a cat and a rat comes from the shores of Lake Ontario by way of New York. A farmer, who is also a shopkeeper, found a nest of rats in pulling down an old shed, and one of two baby rats stole into a pocket of his coat. It seemed so helpless and trustful that he could not bear to kill it, and kept it as a pet, feeding it with meat and cheese, which it took from his hand.

Its life was in constant danger from the cat, and to save it he put it into a large wire cage. By and by the cat grew accustomed to its presence, and finally the farmer one day put the cat also into the cage. It made one or two half-hearted attempts to catch the rat, and then lay down and went to sleep.

The upshot of the matter was that the two animals became fast friends. Now they fairly live together. By day they wander in company about the house and shop, or lie side by side in the show window, where the strange sight attracts much attention.

The Division.

Each day my hours thus portioned be —
For weary duties twenty-three,
And but one short sweet hour for thee.

Unequal share! I wonder why
Reversed the balance may not lie,
Not life drag thus distorted by!

And yet so richly is it blest,
That season brief, divinest, best,
Its fragrance perfumes all the rest!

A Good Baby.

NATURE seems to be trying to exceed herself in the glowing delicacy with which she shows her charms in a healthy infant's mouth. The membranous lining is so soft and beautiful that it seems quite unprepared for the reception of the great variety of objects with which it must combat and ward off injury and disease. No physician nor mother can doubt that so thin and vascular a lining has very great absorptive power. This fact springs upon us anew with every statistical report of the great mortality in children under five years of age.

A great number of objects most of them unclean and unfit, once within reach of Baby, are sure to enter his mouth, and, if the whole truth were known, doubtless become the source of disease, with all the complications to which infancy is heir.

We find, too, no less delicate an arrangement in the continued membranous lining of the æsophagus, stomach and intestinal tract of the baby. As in the adult, irritation of this membrane in the stomach or intestines of infancy is indeed a serious matter. But we must bear in mind that irritation is also much more easily produced in the infant than in an adult.

Cleanliness is the golden oar in the steerage of infant life.

We would advise most diligent watch over Baby's playthings. A sufficient variety can be provided, and these can be of such a character that sterlizing will not injure. Many babies are sacrificed every year by being allowed to play with the toys of other children while taken for a visit to friends or neighbors. We hope to impress mothers and nurses with the importance of most scrupulous cleanliness of everything within reach of the baby so long as he retains the tendency to try everything with his mouth.

A healthy baby will sleep from sixteen to twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four, only awakening for his meal if a regular time (say two hours apart) is established. Too much and irregular feeding has much to do with the causation of a baby's troubles. An infant's chances for good health are much better if he does not make the acquaintance of medicine, sweets, etc., in his earlier days. Medicines should never be given except by the advice of an intelligent doctor. Many infants suffer from being too closely housed. From the time the child is one month old he should be taken out every nice day for an airing in summer, and as often as possible in winter. His eyes should always be protected from a bright light.

Let the baby live in a region of cleanliness, let him get intelligent and careful handling, plenty of sleep and fresh air and sunlight, let him be guarded from too much tossing about and kissing by his admiring visitors; give him few sweets and so-called remedies, and he will kick and chatter approval, thrive well, and everyone will call him a "good baby."

Children's Teeth.

Parents are severely to be blamed when they do not see that their children's teeth are properly attended to very early in life, for were they to do so, much suffering and discomfort would subsequently be avoided. Cleanliness as far as the teeth are concerned is of the greatest importance, and when I say cleanliness I do not mean the matutinal tooth-brushing, but also a thorough rinsing of the mouth after each meal, and a yet more scrupulous cleansing before retiring. If the tiniest pieces of food are allowed to remain between the teeth, even for a few hours, they are apt to induce soreness, and will breed decay with amazing fleetness.

Toothpicks should never be used, first of all because they are intolerably vulgar and bad form, and also because they destroy the enamel. When anything has lodged between the teeth, and cannot be removed by the brush, a strand of white silk should be dragged up and down in the intestice, instead of attempting to dislodge it with a toothpick or, horror of horrors! with a pin. The tooth-brush must be small and not too hard, and should never be used for longer than a month, as nothing is more deleterious to the healthy condition of the mouth than the employment of an old brush. The best of all toot-cleansers is castile or carmel soap. It freshens up the gums and renders them firm, while it keeps the teeth white and lustrous. A pinch of salt used once a week is an excellent remover and preventer of tartar, but it is not to be used oftener. Many dental troubles arise from the delicacy or from inflammation of the gums. When the latter are too soft, the following specific rubbed into them will restore their firmness: Powdered quinquina, 225 grains; powdered ratanhia, 90 grains; chlorate of potash, 40 grains.—Vogue.

Mothers, Read This Carefully!

There is no doubt that cigarette smoking has an appalling effect upon the system of boys. It first stimulates and then stupefies the nerves. It sends boys into consumption; it gives them enlargement of the heart; and it sends them to insane asylums. Bright boys, through this pernicious habit of cigarette smoking, have been turned into dunces, and straightforward, honest boys made into miserable cowards. This modern fashion of cigarette smoking by boys is far worse for them than a pipe or a cigar. If the habit is persisted in, it will be found that the nervous system is affected, the action of the heart weakened, and the force of the circulation of the blood diminished. Apart from the inferior quality of the tobacco from which cigarettes are made, the method of smoking them is most injurious. The smoke whether inhaled or blown out through the nostrils, produces dryness of the fine membrane which lines the mouth, the organs at the head of the windpipe become enfeebled, and the voice loses its sweetness and liquidity of its tones. Nothing is more calculated to destroy a boy's vocal powers than the habit of cigarette smoking.

A Rest-Basket.

Now is the time when, for the many aches and pains which doctors take an artistic professional delight in, most of us can like "Trilby," pose for "the altogether." That arch-fiend among maladies, the grippe, seems to include them all, and no man can say he will escape its clutches. A few days in bed will sometimes avert a serious illness, and for one who may not command constant attendance, a basket eight inches square and three inches deep, ribbon-trimmed, and with an embroidered linen doily tacked to the bottom, is a necessary and restful convenience. In it one may keep by one's hand, upon the bed, the watch, clean 'kerchief, eye-glasses, scent-bottle or atomizer, small comb, scissors, medicine (if in powder or pellets in a silver bonbonniere); in short, all the small belongings which wander around, beneath and away from one if we but close our eyes to doze and entail much nervous search for when wanted.

Mother and Son.

A boy's mother should always be his dearest friend—the one to whom he confides his troubles, his joys, and ambitions. But how often is this met with? When a boy has arrived at that age when he feels he is no longer a child, he will look for pleasures other than those which amused him a year or so before. His mother does not look at it the way the boy does. He is to her a child—her boy, and she hears of his new hopes and ambitions with an aching heart. He wishes to be a man and do as the men do. He certainly would be an unnatural boy if he did not. The mother worries, frets and scolds when he does not come in of an eyening at her specified time, and looks with disapproval at his companions, because they take her boy away, she thinks. She becomes cross, almost tyrannical, and the boy resents this severe government by becoming sulky or stubborn. So the first breach is made—so easily made and so hard to heal. If the boy must sow wild oats, he will have to reap the harvest, and the mother if from the boy's infancy she has seen to the cultivation of his mental, and especially his moral developments, will know, although it may be hard to think that her training has come to naught, that her boy will come back all right.

A mother's prayers may do her son some good, but scolding, worrying and fretting never will. One mother whose protestations and pleadings seemed in vain, gave up in utter despair, the hope of ever making anything out of her boy. After a year or two of dissipation he realized his folly and is one of the best sons a mother could wish to have. Another mother whose son finds pleasure in an innocent game of cards and in dancing, neither of which he is permitted to do at home, and which are not wicked pleasures in themselves, is eternally fretting because her obsolutism can no longer hold him at home, but he seeks companions among those of whom she knows nothing. The boy feels that his mother does not trust him and in her over-anxiousness she will lose his love, because there can surely be no love where there is no trust.

There are of course boys who love home and home pleasures, but there are very few who are not imbued with that indefinable curiosity to see the world and its doings. It is hard, if not quite impossible to quench it. Let mothers and fathe's remember that once on a time they were young, and had the same likes and dislikes, the same love of life and pleasure that their children have.

A Creeper for Baby.

One of the latest and best of utility "creepers" is very easily made. Gingham is the fabric used. First measure baby's length and breadth, in order to allow the little one a chance for freedom of motion. The gingham is then cut bag shape. This, when sewed up at the sides and bottom, is gathered into a band with button-holes and buttons. In each lower corner openings have been made. These are hemmed and are then ready for the chubby legs. Drawing them up over the child's limbs you will find the dainty clothes snugly incased and yet the limbs of the toddler at liberty to move at will.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

The winter is now upon us, and fashions can fairly be said to have some stability at last. All through the fall season variety was in very truth the spice of dress, and one never knew what the day or the hour might bring forth in the matter of costumes. Chilly mornings brought out immense boas, and cosy looking furs, while perchance the afternoon sun, muslin collars, and valenciennes lace.

Velvet seems to take precedence of all materials this season and very rich costumes are made from this material. When the entire costume is not of velvet, the jacket should be, and the skirt satin of the same color. Coats are short, 27 inches being the fashionable limit. In some cases these nobby coats have short full skirts but these are only suitable for very slender figures. Black is the favorite color for coats, though we have seen dark blues, and heliotropes, and fawns. The furs worn with these jaunty jackets are rich indeed, sable, chinchilla and exquisite gray fox are used as revers, collars, capes and stoles. Trimmings of passementerie and colored jet are noticeable on the dressy costumes this season, particularly upon the velvets. Large muffs are also a feature of this season's styles, and an opportune revival they are. The toy muffs of last season were practically useless and fur gauntlets, while warm and comfortable looking, are abominably clumsy. Fur capes are long and have a 90 inch sweep. Reasonable prices are quoted for these goods by Toronto's leading houses.

VELVET GOWN WITH LACE REVERS.

Velvet Gown With Lace Revers.

The gown illustrated is of swallow-blue velvet, which is a dark grayish tone. It has a plain full skirt. The simple waist has a pointed back and short jacket front pointing downward also and opening widely to the shoulder on a vest of ivory-white faille. The vest is cut double, pleated in at the waist, and fastened on the right side of the lining along the line and hooked over on the left. The lower edge is finished with a half-belt of white silk covered with guipure lace. The revers, to which two tabs are added on each shoulder, are made of white silk stiffened with interlining, and covered with lace. The neck is finished with standing collar over which is a turned down collar of the silk covered with lace. The elbow sleeve is a large puff, the sleeve lining is about ten inches deep; the cuff of silk covered with lace is cut on the double and is set on with the point meeting the inner seam of the sleeve.

Cape and Vest for Elderly Lady.

The cape illustrated is of black velours du Noid lined with striped Liberty velvet in Persian coloring. It is accompanied for greater warmth by a fitted sleeveless vest to match. The cape is ornamented with applique embroidery in black cloth, and is edged with a black ostrich feather band at the collar and down the front. The cape is fitted by two shoulder darts, and has gathered hand pockets set inside the front as indicated. The neck is finished with a storm collar.

Breakfast Jacket.

The jacket illustrated is of white camel's hair, trimmed with a stole-collar of white challie. The neck is finished with a standing collar and a silk cord is tacked at the waist on the back and on the side.

Tailor Gown With Long Shouldered Effect.

The gown illustrated is of navy-blue diagonal, made with plain full skirt and round waist, with collar and belt of black satin. The front of the waist is lengthened on the shoulders to project out over the sleeves, and this part is carried across the back to form a square sailor collar there. The front opens on a narrow white satin vest, with the edges studded with small dull gilt bottons. On either side is an insertion of satin

CAPE AND VEST FOR ELDERLY LADY.

of the same width as the vest, braided with three rows of narrow black and gold soutache. The same trimming forms a border to the collar, and the forearms of the sleeves have a like insertion. The collar has black satin side frills.

Wool Dress for Girl of Fourteen.

This appropriate dress for a school girl is made with a full skirt, reaching to the ankles, a girlish waist with pointed effect and a tastefully shaped collar, and moderately full sleeves. Buttons, braid and ribbon form a neat garniture.

Plaid Taffeta Skirt With Lace Flounce.

The main feature of this skirt is the scarlet facing of silk which sets off the flounce of black lace with charming effect. Plaid taffeta forms the ground work of the skirt.

Frock for Girl From 4 to 6 Years Old.

This simple little dress is made of one of this season's fashionable plaids. The skirt, waist and sleeves are all full, the garniture being a velvet collar and front piece, edged with feather trimming. The upper part of the sleeve is shirred down to a depth of several inches.

Illustrated Fashions for Children.

Plaid dress material is worn by children of all ages. The little one just out of baby dresses is fitted out with high-colored plaids that delight her heart, while the miss who is just emerging into the young lady uses much the same style of plaid for the broad collars vests and cuffs that ornament some quiet-colored gown.

For serviceable wear, select a firm piece of all-wool plaid. Many of the school dresses that are made up in cotton and wool plaids will hardly wear long enough

LACE AND JET CRAVAT.

BREAKFAST JACKET.

to pay for the making, or, if of home manufacture the mother's time is usually too valuable to spend in this way.

A pretty style for a school dress shows a full round skirt, as plaids do not cut to show to as good advantage when gored. Make the waist in blouse effect, with a full droop in the front which will extend an inch below the waist line. Gather the fulness at the top into four shirrings placed half an inch apart, and following the shape of the neck, this will form a short yoke. The fulness is then carried straight down to the waist line at the back, and gathered there with four rows of shirring which extend upward two inches on the back, while the front is simply gathered once at the waist and allowed to droop.

The sleeves for these dresses are mostly in the new bishop shape, hanging loose and full from the shoulder, and confined at the wrist by a short cuff of the material, into which they are gathered.

Stock collars of velvet, fastened at the back underneath a butterfly bow of the same, gives a pretty finish to the neck.

Another pretty style for a school dress is in plain brown, green or blue cheviot serge, made with slightly gored skirt and waist, having a drooping blouse effect in the front, the fulness at the top being confined in three box-pleats which extend down to form a yoke.

These pleats are ornamented with tiny gilt or mother-of-pearl buttons, which are placed in clusters on both sides of the pleats where they meet together.

Below the yoke effect the fulness hangs free, and is gathered in at the waist where it droops. The back is closed with the tiny buttons, and is plain at the neck and shoulders, the fulness at the waist being laid in gathers, which are shirred.

The sleeves are in full bishop shape, gathered into a narrow cuff at the hand. This cuff is ornamented on the inner seam with a cluster of these tiny buttons.

A dress made over for a child from an older person's gown can be prettily decorated and given a childish effect by the broad collar which extends well over the shoulder. This should be made of a bright-colored plaid which will harmonize well with the general color of the material.

If bishop sleeves are provided, the cuffs should be of the plaid, and also the high collar for the neck.

If it is possible, have a dress for a school-girl that can be kept especially for rainy days and snowstorms. There are waterproof fabrics which are excellent for this purpose, or an old dress may be utilized, if preferred.

For coasting, there is nothing better than the divided skirt made of waterproof material in dark colors. This should be made full enough to allow for tucking in the regular dress skirt and petticoats, for even with a short dress the bottom of the skirt will often be wet and drabbled from dragging in the snow. With the long coat, these divided skirts will not be noticeable.

Snow boots that come up high on the leg are better for most days in winter than the long rubber boots. The latter are very apt to make the feet cold and induce chilblains, while the snow boots, if worn over the regular boot, with leggins, will provide for warm, comfortable feet in the coldest weather.

Purchase a heavy double mitten for the girl's out-door sports rather than the light single one that is usually sold for that purpose, and if it does not come up high on the wrist, crochet or knit a piece for lengthening it, as it is important to keep the wrists well covered in cold weather.

Coats for school children from six to fourteen years of age are made long to extend a few inches below the dress skirt; for children over fourteen, the short reefer jackets are worn.

Cloth caps of Tam o' Shanter shape in plaids and plain dark effects are jauntily turned up on one side, with one or two quills stuck through a knot or flat bow. These are usually becoming to all children's faces, and are well adapted to school wear. Other hats

WOOL DRESS FOR GIRL OF FOURTEEN.

are in English walking shape, with wide band and flat bow at the side. More dressy hats are in wide shapes covered with velvet or cloth, and ornamented with ostrich tips and pompons.

No. 1. Page 23. Girl's dress of Gobelin blue cheviot serge, made with full plain skirt, waist with blouse effect of light-tan broadcloth with three straps of the Gobelin blue serge placed lengthwise of the blouse ; collar and belt of the serge, and full sleeves of the same.

No. 2. Girl's dress of mixed cheviot in brown and green, with waist of changeable silk in the some shades. This is made with blouse effect

TAILOR GOWN WITH LONG-SHOULDERED EFFECT.

PLAID TAFFETA SKIRT WITH LACE FLOUNCE

showing under straps of the cheviot arranged as shown, and edged with narrow fancy braid. Back finished in same style.

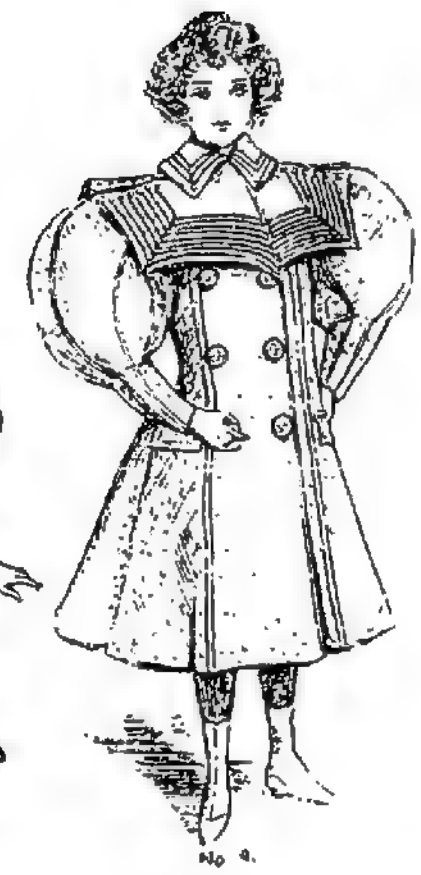
No. 3. Girl's dress of red and black wool plaid, with full straight skirt, and waist cut on the bias in blouse effect, and trimmed with black velvet ribbon and buckles.

No. 4. Girl's coat with loose front and fitted back, with broad fancy collar slashed on the shoulders, trimmed with rows of black braid, finished at the slashing with small gilt buttons.

No. 5. Miss's jacket in reefer style of brown and blue mixed cloth, finished on the edges with rows of machine-stitching, velvet collar and revers of the cloth. Four large pearl buttons decorate the front.

No. 2

No. 1



No. 3.

Soiled Linen.

A homely proverb, but a very sensible one, is that which declares that "one should wash one's soiled linen at home." Often the particular "soiled linen" in question is an exhibition of a temper that one should be ashamed to possess, or which, possessing, one should blush to exhibit in public. I sometimes think that the old hymn which suggests that

"Whatever broils disturb the street,
There should be peace at home"

might also be quoted to advantage if turned the other way. Whatever broils disturb the home, there should be peace, (or its semblance) abroad.

To the observer there is something unspeakably trying in witnessing an outburst of temper, although he may not be in any way connected with the angry person; but when it is one of his own family who so far forgets himself and the demands of common courtesy as to give vent to the harsh word or the rude speech in the presence of others the experience is humiliating in the extreme. We can all sympathize with the man who, on beholding his newly wedded wife in a fit of ungovernable rage, exclaimed fervently, "Thank Heaven she is no blood relation of mine—only a connection by marriage!"

Sometimes the "soiled linen" takes the form of a conjugal dispute in the presence of a person who is so unfortunate as to be the guest of the wedded couple. Then the guest wishes she were anywhere else on the created globe than just where she is. No human beings have the right to make another person as thoroughly uncomfortable as her entertainers make her. She may try to appear unconscious of the situation, but she feels generally miserable, and so entirely de trop that it is only the good-breeding she possesses and her host's lack of the same that prevent her bursting into tears.

The washing of such "soiled linen" as this in the presence of others is not only indecent, it is cruel.

DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

System.

We all have certain friends about whom we exclaim, "How does she ever get the time to accomplish all the work she does?" I think that were this question to be truthfully answered, the one reply would be, "By system." It has passed into such a truism that we fail to reflect on the significance of it, that she who has most work to do in life always has more time to do extra work than she who has no specific labor. This is simply because the genuine worker is always systematic. Just as she who has "a place for everything, and everything in its place," manages to stow away more goods than does she who is careless, so the woman who has an hour for each duty, and who does at the exact hour the task appointed for that hour, "turns off" more than does the unsystematic laborer. Unfortunately, few women are trained to have that regard for system and business exactness that boys are taught to observe. The woman who has not been thus drilled must train herself if she would perform her legitimate share of the work of the world. Until she does this, until she acquires the knack of making her duties dovetail, she will never know how much she can accomplish.

Postal Cards.

The ethics of a postal card may be formulated in one rule: "Never write anything upon a postal which you would not think it prudent or dignified to proclaim from the house-top."

Some peeple—particular people—never use postal cards at all. This seems too extreme. They are often very convenient and quite proper if correctly used.

Beyond the address, no name should ever be written out upon them. They should begin without the customary "Dear—anybody," and end without "Yours truly" or "Affectionately," being signed only with initials. The date and address serve to further identify the sender, who is presumed to be on such intimate social or business relations with the party addressed as to justify the use of a postal card.

For while postals serve for a hasty or formal message, or supply the need of cheap communication in simple business arrangements, it is not considered courteous or punctiliously polite to use them in addressing any one, man or woman, to whom you wish to show respect. If any doubt arises in the mind as to the propriety of sending a postal, it is well to give one's self the benefit of the doubt, and write a note.

Postals are useful to mail while on a journey. Posted at different places, they announce the safe arrival of the traveller at points where he has scarcely time to write notes. Used hastily, they are useful to announce a letter or give assent to a previously discussed arrangement. Details of family matters or personal affairs show ignorance and bad breeding. As an example of a way in which a postal card should not be used may be quoted one sent by a grief-stricken sister to a cousin in a distant city:

"Dearest Kate,—We have just returned from laying dear brother Harry in the grave. As the weather is so unpleasant, it made us feel more unhappy to come away and leave him with the rain beating down upon him. Your loving cousin, HARRIET SMITH."

There are now living six former queens and empresses of European thrones who have lost their positions either by the death of their husbands or through revolutions. Of these Marie of Naples, sister of the Empress of Austria, lives in a flat in Paris, and is a continual thorn in the side of her friends; Eugenie lives as a hermit; the Empress Frederick barely tasted power before it was taken from her; the dowager Czarina of Russia has not yet got over the dread of assassination in which she formerly lived, and Christina of Spain and the Queen Regent of Spain, while nominally off the throne still retain power as rulers for their children.

Breakfast Cakes.

PANCAKES.

Take two cups of buckwheat and of wheaten flour take one,
Two tablespoonfuls baking powder; then, this being done,
Of salt take one-half teaspoonful, sift well together, make
Into thin batter, then at once, on a hot griddle, bake.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.

Take two eggs and also use a cupful of boiled rice,
One pint of milk, one-half teaspoonful salt, to make it nice,
One heaping teaspoon baking powder use, and then you'll take
Flour to make thin batter. Stir well, and quickly bake.

HOMINY CAKES.

Two cupfuls of cooked hominy, rubbed smooth; one teaspoon salt,
Two teaspoons baking powder; and then to have no fault,
Add one cup flour, stir well together, adding by degrees
One quart of milk, three well-whipped eggs; and bake thin, if you please.

Vegetable Soups.

"WELL begun is half done," and the hostess who serves her dinner guests with delicious soup has won half the battle of giving a successful dinner. Vegetable soups are the most economical, and if they are carefully prepared they are as delicious as consomme with all its variations. They are better when made from soup "stock," but they are also good when made with water alone.

Potato soup, or, as the French call it, potage Parmentier, in honor of the man who introduced potatoes into France, should be made with white stock, but it can also be made with milk or milk and water. Begin by frying a small onion, chopped, in one or two ounces of butter, without letting it take color in the slightest, and then add about eight medium-sized potatoes, a small turnip (a piece of celery when in season) and two quarts of white stock. Let the whole come to a boil, and then simmer for a couple of hours. When the potatoes are quite soft remove the piece of celery and pass all the rest through a hair sieve. Reheat, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a sprinkling of chopped chervil or parsley, and serve at once. A variation of this is soupe verte. For this, chop up finely a handful of chervil and double the quantity of sorrel; put them into a saucepan with about three pints of white stock and a pound and a half of potatoes. Let the whole come to the boil and then simmer for two or three hours, after which pass through a hair sieve, reheat, adding a small piece of butter, and serve.

For turnip soup both white stock and milk are required. Cut up three good-sized turnips in slices and put them in a saucepan with one ounce of butter, previously melted, and a rasher of bacon cut in dice. Let all cook very slowly for half an hour. Then melt one and one-half ounces of batter in a saucepan, mix with it the same quantity of flour, and add gradually a pint of milk and water, in which a carrot, an onion, and some herbs have been boiled. Add this to the turnips, stir all together for a minute or two, then rub the whole through a hair sieve. Return to the saucepan, then add enough white stock to bring the puree to the right consistency. Stir till the soup boils, add pepper and salt if necessary, and just before serving add—off the fire—the yolk of an egg beaten up with a gill of cream.

To make a good carrot soup put one ounce and a half of butter into a stew pan, and when melted add six small carrots cut in slices, and pepper and salt to taste; fry these for about five minutes, then add two or three small onions sliced and continue to fry both vegetables for five minutes longer; then add three pints of second stock, a small bay leaf (a piece of celery), parsley, thyme, and three medium-sized floury potatoes. Put the saucepan at the side of the fire, and let the contents simmer till the carrots are perfectly soft; then pass the whole through a hair sieve, stir well together, return to a clean saucepan, reheat and serve. Tomato soup can be made in exactly the same manner, but it is greatly improved by frying a rasher of lean bacon with the tomatoes.

Soupe a l'oignon, the soup of the French peasants, is about as simple a soup as one could possibly have. The French consider it highly restorative when made only with water, and it is acknowledged that onions possess a considerable quantity of nourishment. The method of preparing it is as follows: Slice some Spanish onions and fry them a golden color in plenty of butter, then add a small spoonful of flour; stir well, and moisten with as much stock or water as you want soup. Bring to the boil, and let the whole simmer till the onions are thoroughly done. In the mean time cut up some bread into fingers one-fourth inch broad and one and one-half inches long and place them on a buttered tin in the oven till they are a light brown color, then put them into the tureen, and when ready pour the soup over them and serve with grated Parmesan cheese handed round on a separate plate. This soup may be varied by passing the onions through a hair sieve and afterwards boiling some French tapioca in the soup. In this case no flour should be added at the commencement, and, of course, the pieces of bread and the grated cheese are not necessary. With all these soups, not counting the latter, square croutons of bread fried in boiling fat should be handed round at the same time.

Some Good Recipes.

GINGER COOKIES.—Five cups flour, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup shortening, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoon ginger, 2 teaspoons saleratus. They are very nice brushed over the top with frosting made with 1 cup sugar, 6 tablespoons water; boil 5 minutes, flavor with vanilla, stir until it begins to thicken.

BOSTON BAKED BEANS.—The following recipe has been tried and is a valuable one:—One pint beens, soak over night, then let them come to the boiling point. Put them in a bean pot made especially for baking beans. Add a piece of pork 4 inches square and two iron spoonfuls New Orleans molasses. Put on the top of the pot and let the beans cook until well done.

EXCELLENT SAUSAGE.—Twenty pounds, about one-third fat, five tablespoonfuls salt, four tablespoonfuls pepper, three tablespoonfuls sage, one tablespoonful sugar, and one teaspoonful salt petre. The spoons are to be rounded, but not heaped high. Cases can be made of strips of muslin eight inches wide and sixteen inches long, sewing them up bag fashion. Put in the sausage and hang up in a cool place. Smoke, then dip sacks in a melted mixture of lard and suet. Keep in a dark as well as cool place.

STUFFED POTATOES.—Choose some nice large potatoes and bake them; then when quite done, cut off an end, and scoop out some of the inside. Chop some cold meat finely, season it with pepper, salt, mace, and a little butter. Fill the hole in each potato with this. With the aid of a little cold meat, stick the ends on again to each potato. Arrange on a baking sheet and bake for ten minutes.

POTTED FRESH HERRINGS.—Split some fresh herrings down the back and remove the bones. Cut into strips, roll each one up, tie round with cotton; lay them in a deep earthen dish, together with half a dozen peppercorns, three or four cloves, a teacupful of vinegar and water to cover. Bake in a hot oven, and let them stand in the vinegar in which they were baked. Serve cold for luncheon or supper. Mackerel are excellent treated in the same way.

ORANGEADE.—Orangeade has a less heating after-effect than lemonade, and is very easy to make. Peel off the rind of one orange very thinly, without any of the white pith, and put into a jug. Pare off all the white pith from three oranges so as to leave the pulp of the fruit quite bare; cut the oranges in slices, take out the pips, add one ounce of sugar, pour a quart of boiling water on these, cover up the jug, and allow the orangeade to stand and steep. When quite cold add the ice.

TOMATO SOUFFLE.—Stew three or four pounds of tomatoes for half an hour, rub them through a hair sieve and reduce the pulp, by boiling it without a lid until half-a-pint remains; stir in 2 oz. of bread crumbs, 1 oz. of grated Parmesan cheese, a small piece of glaze, and 2 oz. of butter. Stir it over the fire until it is hot, then mix in the yolks of 4 eggs, and the stiffly whipped whites, stir all lightly together, and pour into a buttered souffle dish, which should have a band of greased paper, two inches higher than the mould, tied round the outside; sprinkle an ounce of grated Parmesan cheese over the top of the souffle, and bake it from fifteen to twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve it at once.

HOW TO MAKE ECCLES CAKE.—Take 1 lb. of flour, 1 lb. of fresh butter, one egg, half a pint of cold water. Work the flour into a smooth paste, then roll out with a clean rolling-pin to an equal thickness. Divide the butter into four parts, and break the first part into small pieces over the paste; sift a little flour over, and brush with the white of egg lightly. Fold the paste over—sides first, then towards the operator roll out again, and repeat until the butter is used up. Take care to handle the paste lightly, and keep it in a cool place until used. Take, say, 1½ oz. of the above paste, roll it in the size of a small bread and butter plate, and place upon it a tablespoonful of the following ingredients.—Currants, brown sugar, a little butter, chopped lemon peel. The butter and sugar to be melted and stirred into the currants and lemon. Then fold up the paste like a bun, give it one roll, turn it over, and vent with a sharp knife. Bake in a brisk oven. When cold, sift white sugar over it.

Something About Fish.

Fish must be perfectly fresh.

Clean fish carefully before dressing.

Fresh fish are better if soaked a few minutes in salt water.

If a fish kettle is not used for boiling, wrap the fish in thin Swiss or cheese cloth to preserve the shape.

Never use butter; fry in lard. When one side is brown turn quickly and as the other browns remove to the back part of the stove; cover closely. Cook slowly, thus retaining the sweetness.

Garnish with parsley, lettuce, sliced beets, lemon or hard-boiled eggs.

Serve as soon as cooked, with either of the following sauces: Oyster, celery, mustard, remoulade, cold fish, mayonnaise, tartar, white wine or Hollandaise.

Eels are a great delicacy fried, baked, pickled or boiled. When cold after cooking in the latter way an excellent dish may be made by arranging the pieces of eels in a mold, with slices of lemon and covered with any bright jelly in liquid state. When cold turn from the mold and serve with olive oil and vinegar.

Beulah Land.

We're getting on in years, Jane, we two who started out
So bravely on life's journey, when the world was blithe and gay;
I can hardly tell my darling how the thing has come about,
But I find myself beginning to live in yesterday.

There's a bald spot on my head, Jane, and the frost is sifting down
White as drifting snow of Winter on the fringe above my brow,
And your bonny locks are silver that were once a golden brown.
Yet you never were so queenly, Jane, so beautiful as now.

But, "Hurry up, old lady, the car conductors say—
"Step lively, please, old gentleman!" the young folks offer seats,
And we discover in ourselves, when treated in this way,
A cold and haughty anger, or quick resentful heats.

Then we've learned to love a corner by the chimney's blaze at night;
We are not always ready for the sleighing or the ice,
That used to call us often forth, our faces smiling bright,
When mirth and frolic made for youth the flavor and spice.
And we've caught the trick of looking with a half-respectful awe
At the judges and the doctors whom we used to know in kilts;
And we blush at the admission, but our youngest's word is law—
She has but to nod her meaning, and our own opinion wilts.

Then the small grandchildren rule us; pray do not deny it, Jane;
We would spoil them with indulgence if they lived beneath our roof,
When the question is of saying no, the little ones to train.
We, once so sternly resolute, just weakly stand aloof.

Yes, we're getting on in years, Jane, but I like it very well,
This broad and pleasant upland to which our steps have climbed;
'Tis a restful Beulah country where delightful people dwell,
And the hour of our arrival has been very sweetly timed.

Here we taste the fruits we planted in the morning's bustling haste;
Here we sit awhile at leisure, and make friends with young and old;
Here we read and talk and ponder, by no fiend of worry chased,
And behind us lies the dusty road, before us evenings' gold.

WAITING FOR SOMETHING BETTER.

BY KATE THORN.

Every one wants to be happy.

It is the aim of every life.

Men work and toil through all stages of existence in order to be happy.

Wealth, power, fame, every earthly good, are sought because the seeker believes that their possession will enhance his happiness.

The poor man looks at his wealthy neighbor's splendid mansion, and believes that only wealth brings happiness. He fancies that if he could stand upon the piazza of a house like that, and look out upon a domain of equal dimensions, he would be profoundly happy, and beyond the reach of ordinary care and trouble. So he toils to grow rich.

The young mechanic's wife looks upon the costly dresses of some rich manufacturer's "lady" and feels satisfied that the only happiness worth having arises from the possession of silk dresses and real laces. If she could only sweep the streets with four-dollar silks, like Mrs. Showman, she would be content.

Some persons want one thing to make them happy, some another. Some want handsome husbands; some want babies; some want carriages and horses; and the other day we came across a lady who told us, in all sincerity, that the only thing she wanted to complete her happiness was a ring-tailed, trick-performing monkey, like one she had seen in Central Park, but her husband (cruel domestic tyrant!) absolutely refused to allow her to have it.

Everybody is going to be happy some time. Deep down in every human heart, acknowledged or unacknowledged, lies the conviction that, some time or other, in some way or other, happiness is coming.

Not just yet perhaps; not until some cherished object has been obtained, or some project has been accomplished, but some time,—by and by.

Everybody looks and hopes for something better. We all believe in the to-morrow, which shall be better than this day, and "much more abundant."

It is an illusive belief. It is a deception which draws us along day by day, until the grave is the next step before us.

It is the chimera which cheats us of our happiness, for there is no time but to-day, and to-morrow will never come.

If you desire happiness, do not wait for it. Take it to-day. Whatever of comfort and peace can be rung out of the present, accept it thankfully, and build not upon the future. To-day is the only time. If you are going to do a good deed, do it to-day. If you are purposing to break up an evil habit, do it this moment. If you are going to enjoy the good things which God gives you, enjoy them to-day—even if those same good things be simply the boon of fresh air, and pure sunshine and blue skies.

The other day a hard-worked woman, the wife of a farmer who counted his wealth high up in the thousands said to us:

"I work very hard all the time. John and I both work early and late, but as soon as we get money enough to spare to buy the hundred acre lot on the other side of our farm, we are going to rest, and take some comfort. We are not always going to work so."

The prophecy is fulfilled.

Yesterday the soil of an obscure corner of the veritable hundred-acre lot (it was bought and paid for) closed over her folded hands. She has done working. God grant that the rest and comfort which she would never take in this life, have been forced upon her acceptance in the new existence.

The merchant, shut up in his dusty counting-room, toils early and late—too busy to enjoy himself just yet with his family. His wife would like an hour of his society every day—she would be delighted to have him sit beside her as she rolls along the fashionable street in her handsome carriage. But he tells her, shortly enough, that he has no time for such follies. He must work to keep the pot boiling. Idleness and gadding are not for him. Bye and bye, when he gets rich enough, he'll see about it.

By and by he drops dead one day—of overwork and apoplexy, the doctors say—and his wife does not miss him much, "he was so devoted to his business!" she always tells her friends, with a sigh.

Let no one think that we are crying down honest labor. Far from it. We were all born to work, and work in reasonable doses is a blessing. No man or woman should be idle, if health permits activity; but we do despise the habit many business men have of giving all their time to toil, and taking no recreation.

It is a wrong to themselves, and to their families, and to the community in which they live.

Every man has a duty to do to himself, and to others, and if he fails to do it, he suffers, and others through him. Of course no one is to blame for honest striving after a competence. None of us want to be dependent on others for a subsistence. But when we come to die, what matters it if our estate should fall a few thousands short of what we hoped the sum total would amount to?

Is it worth the sacrifice of every comfort? is it worth the cutting one's self short of rest and needful repose, that men should say of us after we are buried, "Well, he left a large property?"

Better take the happiness—and little enough, at the best, does this world give us—as we go along.

If we wait for it and expect it by and by, it may never come. There are little pleasures for us every day if we only look sharp for them. There are moments of comfort when earth is all fair and beautiful, and care is forgotten, and the heart is at rest.

Ambition does not give us such moments, nor the pursuit of wealth, nor the longing after fame; but the love of friends, the appreciation and sympathy of our nearest and dearest, the approbation of our own consciences, and trust in God, give us a peace which no worldly honors can bestow.

Friends, if you would be happy, enjoy the present moment. Put vain repinings away. Borrow no trouble; it comes fast enough without borrowing. Spend no time in lamenting over what cannot be remedied.

Make the best of everything. Try to remember that no matter how black the clouds may be, there is blue sky beyond. Bear in mind that there is no lot in life exempt from sorrow; and do not forget that however badly off you may deem yourself, you might be even worse. Spare time for reading and for social intercourse, and do not put in the everlasting plea for "business" when your wife delays you a moment longer than you think she ought to, or your baby boy climbs on your knee and begs for one more little romp with "papa."

For these little joys make up the sum of our life's happiness; and if we let them slip one at a time, when the amount total is computed we shall be surprised that it is so contemptibly small.

Triumphs of the Fan-Makers Art.

Fashion has fallen in with the Napoleonic craze, especially in the matter of fans. Most of the handsome fans used are imported from Paris. That city, in fact, makes expensive fans for the European and the American world. The latest Parisian fans are small affairs, from seven to twelve inches long, in the style of the first empire and in that of Louis XVI. They are made of the usual materials, pearl, ivory, tortoise shell, and fine woods for sticks, and lace, silk, satin, kid, and chicken skin for the body of the fan. The decorations are spangles, jewels, or painted designs. Much of the painting is done by unknown artists, though a few of the artists that have won reputation as decorators of fans have painted these small ones. The designs are of great variety, from tiny landscapes to elaborate figure paintings. Medallion paintings also are much in vogue as fan decorations.

The price of these tiny things varies with the material and workmanship from $10 to rather more than $200. A handsome one may be had at $25 or $30. A twelve-inch fan, decorated with the "Triumph of Alexander," is held at $180. The most expensive material for the sticks is fine tortoise shell. These fans nearly all have the familiar truncated wedge form when folded and most of them are small enough to be carried in a tiny bag. They will be seen fluttering in all the boxes at the opera this season, and the large and elaborate fans that often cost from three to five times as much will be laid by until they are again in fashion.

Creating a Home.

"Six things are requisite to create a home. Integrity must be the architect and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by love and lighted with cheerfulness, and an honest purpose must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God."—Hamilton.

Dinner Party Dances.

To give a dinner party dance, arrangements should slightly vary, according to the number of guests intended; if a hundred, about four dinner parties organized, and the numbers are filled up by invitations to the dance only. The giver of one of these dances ascertains which of her friends are inclined to join forces on any evening specified, and the number that each can conveniently invite, it being thoroughly understood that only girls and men are to be invited, with occasionally a married couple. In the event of the hostess being herself a young married woman she and her husband count as one of the couples, and take their dinner guests with them after dinner to the dinner party dance; but a lady having daughters who are out, and who give the dinner party in their interest, does not go on to the dance with her guests, the giver of the dance being considered chaperon sufficient for all purposes, and the fact alone of a large party of girls going together, does away with the necessity of each one being accompanied by a chaperon.

The numbers at these dances vary from 50 to 200, according to the size of the house where they are given. The average notice for the invitations is from a fortnight to three weeks, on account of the difficulty often experienced of finding men disengaged and willing to dine and dance. Impromptu dances are seldom successful and often lead tis disappointment. Even if a dance o limited to thirty guests only, there is oftener than not a majority of girls, which means sitting out for them, at least during the greater part of the evening, thus defeating the object for which these dances were projected—viz.: to equalize numbers and to afford to girls an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with, or introduced to, a certain number of young men, and therefore, to go to a dance, actually knowing several young men who will presumably ask them to dance, instead of trusting to casual introductions, which may or may not be made. It is well known that these dinners preliminary to the dance put young men and girls on friendly terms with each other, and therefore, men have not that boredom of feeling consequent upon being introduced to girls who are total strangers to them, and with whom they are expected to dance, nevertheless, at least once. Then, too, a young man who accepts one of these dinner invitations does so with the knowledge that he accepts also the obligation it brings with it—that of dancing with some of the girls present at the dinner party.

The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joys.—Simms.

WINNERS IN Ladies' Journal Competition.

(Closed Dec. 16th, 1895.)

The following persons have answered the question correctly and are entitled to the prizes specified. Application must be made in the same handwriting as the answer was originally sent in. The question was—Give chapter and verse of the first case of medical treatment mentioned in the Bible, where a plaister of figs was recommended as a cure for boils.

Correct answer— Isaiah 38 chapter, 21 verse.

Those who gave as answer, 2 Kings, 20 chapter, 7 verse, will find the word plaister is not there mentioned, therefore their answer cannot be accepted as correct.

FIRST REWARDS.

To the first person sending a correct answer will be given a Fine-toned Rosewood Piano. 1.—S. Daintry Gates, 64 William St., Kingston.

2 to 6.—Five Handsome Gold Watches (lady or gentleman's size, as preferred).—Miss Edith H. Brown, 80 St. Patrick St., Toronto; K. W. Reikie, 152 Bloor St. E., Toronto; Henry Chick, 229 Lippincott St., Toronto; Mrs. A. H. Hider, 18 Langley Ave., Toronto; Lillie Macmillan, 95 Walker Ave., Toronto.

7 to 16—Ten Silver Watches, lady or gents'.—Mrs. Low, 376 Spadina Ave., Toronto; Mrs. E. Osborne, 154 Shaw St., Toronto; Mrs. Wm. Campbell, 2 St. David's Place, Toronto; Maggie Graham, 286 Wilton Ave., Toronto; W. G. Armour, Myrtle; Amy Lee, 697 Spadina Ave., Toronto; Mrs. Micks, 18 Elizabeth St., Toronto; Mrs. Jane Johnston, 78 Defoe St., Toronto; R. D. Winter, King; May Christie, 475 Gerrard St. E., Toronto.

17 to 36— Twenty Open Face Solid Nickel, Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches—Sarah Pickering, 934 Eastern Ave., Toronto; Emma McCarty, Caledon East; Ethel McCarthy, 76 Gerrard St. W., Toronto; M. Robinson, Weston; Mary S. Anderson, Lindsay; T. Robertson, Brampton; Maggie Sellers, 47 St. George St., Toronto; Lillian Thomas, Walkerville; Mary D. Grange, 400 Queens' Ave., London; Gertrude E. Lyons, St. Mary's; Mrs. C. Edwards, 51 Craig St., South London; Louise Gibson, Petrolia; Geo. Kerr, Pickering; Lillie A. Roper, Milton West; Jas. Jordan, 37 Bathurst St., Toronto; John Gillett, Car Foreman, C.P.R., Toronto; Mrs. E. Jones, 266 Palmerston Ave., Toronto; Mrs. E. E. Parrott, Chatham; Mrs. Geo. H. Williamson, 38 Euclid Ave., Toronto; Susan Hellever, Kingsmill.

37 to 66—Thirty half-dozen Triple Plated Tea Spoons.—Mrs. H. A. Wellwood, Oakville; Mary Isabella Ferguson, Petrolia; Bertha Baxter, Caledonia; Bertha Fitchett, Roslin; Arthur J. Downing, Beachville; Elizabeth J. Lockhart, Woodstock; Jennie Ruckle, Culloden; Mrs. C. W. Dracup, Wellman's Corners; Lizzie Snitter, Millbank; Minnie E. Rutherford, Starkville; Lena McMichael, Asdin; Nina McWilliams, Marmora; Mrs. John C. Morton, Thomasburg; Mrs. T. J. Thornton, Woodstock; Mrs. N. J. Chapman, Audley; E. H. Elcombe, Campbellford; Annie L. Fraser, Huntsville; Miss A. Mason, St. George; Mrs. J. F. Black, Renfrew; Mrs. J. Bailey, Warkworth; Mrs. A. Goodmurphy, Trenton; Mrs. W. Burt, Havelock; Maggie Ellison, Whitevale; Mrs. I.Y.S. Kirk, Brussels; Maud Raitt, Lachute, Que.; Lydia M. Brickman, Amherstburg; Mrs. E. Anderson, Mount Forest; Balmer Neilly, Aurora; Eli Fry, Toledo; Mrs. John Early, Castleford Sta.

67 to 106—Forty dozen Nickel Tea Spoons.—H. Thompson, 68 Bruce St., London; C. England, Windsor; Jennie Mills, Kinmount; J. Collins, Purple Grove; Ethel L. Gerald, 336 Metcalf St., Ottawa; Lucy M. Scott, Lakefield, Que.; Mrs. Thos. Howe, Windsor; Ed. Fry, Sutton West; Egerton P. Smith, Creemore; Leah McFaul, Avon, N.Y.; Mrs. Jas. H. McGregor, Brantford; Mrs. J. Galloway, Burlington; Edmund M. Watson, Baddow; Edith A. Robertson, Tara; Lottie Budd, Brussels; Mrs. John Clark, Raymond; Albert Mattice, Carberry, Man.; Eliza Jane Bradley, Limestone; Maggie J. Owens, Antrim; Mrs. Peter Keller, Picton; Minnie McNally, Glamis; Mrs. R. J. Kemp, Murphy; Mrs. John W. Lake, Ratho; Miller Walker, Tara; Mrs. J. C. Murdoch, Forester's Falls; Mrs. E. Swartz, Aylmer; Bella Watson, Teeswater; F. W. Swain, 154 Pearsin Ave., Toronto; Mrs. Jas. Douglas, Mitchellville; Arabella S. Brown, 77 Sullivan St., Toronto; Edward Germain, Toronto; Railway; Ethel Davis, 4 Saunders Ave., Parkdale; Mrs. Davis, 189 Simcoe St., Toronto; Wm. Lawson, Woodstock; Mrs. A. F. Lawson, Woodstock; Mrs. E. Pott, Woodstock; Emily Dyer, 18 Manchester Ave., Toronto; Mrs. Dr. Darling, Goodwood; Maudie Johnston, St. Thomas; Mrs. Walter Carrington, Port Credit.

107 to 160—Forty-four Handsome Gem Rings.—S. Hamilton, Port Credit; Mabel Morrow, 464 Bathurst St., Toronto; Mrs. Robt. Lawson, 29 Garden Ave., Toronto; Mrs. John A. Wiggins, Toronto Junction; Mrs. W. Greemans, 55 Gerrard St., Toronto; Ida Richmond, 129 Harbord St., Toronto; Mrs. T.T. Lintott, Sparta; Mrs. Frank Parr, Hampton; Miss L. Jessiman, 96 Palmerston Ave., Toronto; Maude Kenney, 153 Huron St., Toronto; E. Leatherland, 17 Toronto St., Toronto; R. J. Harvey, 128 Peter St., Toronto; J.K. M. Harrison, 578 Huron St., Toronto; Mrs. Fred Armstrong, 374 Givens St., Toronto; Maggie Holmes, 119 Church St., Toronto; Mrs. Stratton, 242 Greenwood Ave., Toronto; Mrs. S.S. Moss, 337 College St., Toronto; F. Wardill, 66 Woodlawn Ave., Toronto; J.C. Hyslop, 28[illegible] Church St., Toronto, C.J. Savage, Chesley, Lena Mogridge, New Toronto; Miss Inis Bradt, Port Stanley; Mrs. Carson Stinson, Bedford; Laura Chisholm, 29 Phoebe St., Toronto; Maud Matthews, Inwood; Mrs. G. McKay, 233 Keefer St., Vancouver, B.C.; Bessie M. McKay, Woodstock; Willie J. Sutherland, Wallacetown; Mrs. W. Paterson, Box 826, Belleville; M. Gall, St. Thomas; Esther L. Thomas, St. Thomas; Mrs. Geo. A. Brown, 101 Seaton St., Toronto; Jessina Simmons, Chatham; Sadie Grose, Lefroy; Miss E. Weisbrod, Aylmer; Maude Watt, Woodstock; Ethel Lovell, 119 Madison Ave., Toronto; Leo Bell, Middlemarch; Mrs. S. Blakely, Belleville; Mrs. Louisa Cook, 635 Queen W., Toronto; A.J. Watson, Georgetown; Mrs. J. D. McDiarmid, West Lorne; Mrs. Clara E. Greene, Port Hope; Geo. Graham, Box 236, St. Catharines.

Middle and Consolation rewards will be published in next issue of the Journal.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and find Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or gripping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant agreeable taste.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his own hand a blade without a hilt.—Landor.

Excellent Reasons exist why Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

In all lands ravens and crows have been considered birds of evil omen.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used.

To kill a marten in all folklore is considered unlucky.

No article takes hold of Blood Diseases like Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. It works like magic. Miss C——, Toronto, writes:—"I have to thank you for what Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has done for me. I had a sore on my knee as large as the palm of my hand, and could get nothing to do any good until I used the Discovery. Four bottles completely cured it."

Merit

Is what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity and constantly increasing sales. It perfectly and permanently cures catarrh, rheumatism, scrofula, salt rheum, in fact all blood diseases.

"Before my husband began using Hood's Sarsaparilla he was nervous and had scarcely any appetite, but when he had taken it a week he felt better, and by the time he had taken one bottle he was entirely well." Mrs. G. A. Parkinson, Mendon, Mass. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

Princess Maud.

I was talking the other day, said a writer in the Queen, to one of the Marlborough House officials, who has been a member of the Prince of Wales's household for many years, and who gave me some not uninteresting information with regard to the Princess Maud of Wales, the news of whose betrothal to one of the Danish Princes was recently announced. Both she and her sister, Victoria, are gentle, cultured, unassuming girls, as unlike the traditional idea of royal Princesses in their manners as may well be conceived. Both of them shrink from the formal etiquette which at times they are compelled to follow, and they are never so happy as when on rare occasions they are enabled to pass a few days, or even a few hours incognito. It is only a week or two ago that I noticed them myself trotting about the Westminster Aquarium and gazing at all the sights therein to be seen, in company with their royal mother and a few members of the household, like any ordinary family of country cousins. Princess Maud has a weakness for collecting curios, carved ivories in particular being her special hobby. Of these she has already gathered quite a large collection. Like her sister, she is thoroughly domesticated, and the active interest she has taken in the model dairy at Sandringham, has made her quite an expert butter maker.

Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration as sudden transition from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. Coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., if attended to in time are easily subdued, but if allowed to run their own course, generally prove the forerunner of more dangerous diseases. Nine-tenths of the consumptives date their affliction from a neglected cold and the diseases that are caused by wet feet, damp clothes, or exposure are more numerous than are generally supposed. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which frees the lungs from viscid phlegm by changing the secretions from a diseased to a healthy state.

THE LADIES' JOURNAL BIBLE PROBLEM PLAN,

NO. 30.

A Valuable Lot of Beautiful Prizes for Pains-Taking, Persevering People. Something Interesting and Profitable to Employ Your Time in Winter Evenings.

The very cordial way in which the revival of our Bible problem plan was received, after such a long silence, encourages us to offer another one. The prizes and the smaller rewards were scattered pretty well over the whole country from British Columbia to Nova Scotia, and even into the States.

Here are the questions for this competition. Where are the following words first found in the Bible:—1st Hour; 2nd Day; 3rd Week; 4th Month; 5th Year.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

1—A handsomely finished Upright Piano.
2—One beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service
3 to 12—Ten handsome Individual Salt and Pepper Castors.
13 to 32—Twenty Testaments, beautifully bound in morocco.
33 to 37—Five Sewing Machines, latest make—complete attachments.
38 to 57—Twenty pairs Silver Sugar Tongs.
58 to 77—Twenty Souvenir Spoons of Toronto. Silver Plated—(Gold Bowl).
78 to 83—Six handsome Quadruple Silver Plated Egg Casters, Gold lined, valued at $15.00 each.
84 to 99—Sixteen prettily carved Silver Thimbles.
100—One complete set of Mayne Reid, 18 volumes, beautifully bound.
101 to 150—Forty-nine half dozen Silver Plated Forks.

The sender of the first correct answer to all five questions will get the Piano. The second the Silver Tea Set, and so on until all the first rewards are distributed.

Then follow the middle rewards, when the sender of the middle set of correct answers will be given the Piano, the second the Gold Watch and so on.

THE MIDDLE LIST.

1—A handsomely finished Upright Piano.
2—One Gents' handsome Hunting Case, Gold Watch.
3 to 17—Fifteen Silver Tea Services, Quadruple Plate (Four pieces.)
18 to 37—Twenty ½ doz. Forks, Silver Plated. (Superior quality.)
38 to 42—Five dozen Desert Knives, extra finish valued at $6.00.
43 to 142—One Hundred Testaments, handsomely finished Morocco bound.
143 to 162—Twenty complete copies, Chambers' Journal.
163 to 172—Ten dozen Desert Knives, Superior quality, valued at $6.00.
173 to 184—Twelve ½ dozen Nickel Plated Tea Spoons, extra quality for common use.
185 to 194—Ten Ladies' pretty Gold Brooches, latest design.
195 to 200—Six Ladies' Open Face Gold Watches.

Then come the Last List or Consolation Prizes, when to the sender of the last correct set of answers received at the Journal office will be given the piano named in this list.

THE LAST LIST.

1 to 20—Twenty ½ dozen Table Spoons, superior quality.
21 to 25—Five handsome Gold Lockets.
26 to 30—Five handsome Silver Thimbles.
31 to 35—Five Pairs Individual Salt Castors.
36 to 60—Twenty-five Testaments, Morocco bound.
61 to 65—Five dozen Nickel Plated Tea Spoons.
66 to 75—Ten complete Volumes Chambers' Journal.
76 to 100—Twenty-five handsome Souvenir Spoons of Toronto.
101 to 110—Ten Boys' Nickel Watches.
111 to 120—Ten handsomely Bound Volumes, History of the Bible.
121 to 123—Three Sewing Machines, complete attachments.
124 to 127—Four dozen Dinner Knives, extra quality valued at $6.00
128 to 160—Thirty-three ½ dozen Silver Plated Forks.
161 to 199—Thirty-nine Testaments, Morocco bound.

No. 200. A handsomely finished Upright Piano valued at four hundred dollars.

Everyone competing must send one dollar for a year's subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL, (also six cents in stamps or coin for postage on spoon), which is well worth the investment apart from the prizes.

A HANDSOME GOLD ALUMINUM SPOON, full size, will be sent free to everyone as soon as possible, after money is receive whether their answers are correct or not. This spoon is made by an entirely new process and is of the same material all through and will consequently retain its color, which is the same as though made of gold. The spoon would retail at about one dollar.

A SILVER TEA SET OF FOUR PIECES.

To any person sending six dollars with their answers (whether correct or not) will be sent the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year, and a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service of four pieces Tea or Coffee Pot, Sugar Bowl, Cream Pitcher and Spoon Holder. Sets no better have been retailed as high as thirty dollars. You will make no mistake in taking advantage of this offer. The Spoon will not be sent to those getting the tea set.

This set will be sent as quickly as possible (receiver to pay express charges) after the money comes to hand. You will not require to wait till the close of the competition.

No charges will be exacted from prize winners, except for the pianos when a small sum will be asked which will go towards another list.

The publishers of the LADIES' JOURNAL have in their possession thousands of letters from delighted competitors in former competitions.

Complete lists of the names and addresses of the successful competitors will be published in the Journal as quickly as possible after the close of the competition.

Competition will close on the 30th April next. Ten days after the date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the Journal office from distant points, but all letters must be postmarked not later than 30th April.

Parties living at a distance from Toronto have an equal opportunity even if every answer received is correct, as the advertising in far away places is done first. Then there are the middle and last lists of rewards in which they stand equal to anyone. Address The LADIES' JOURNAL,

TORONTO, CANADA.

THE QUEEN OF TABLE JELLIES
FOR DINNER PARTIES IS . . . . .

"LAZENBY'S SOLIDIFIED TABLE JELLY."

OVER 50 YEARS ESTABLISHED.

MONEY
-- IS --
Wasted ! ! !
in buying cheap grades of
F:U:R:S
OUR GOODS
are manufactured by us on the premises and carry a guarantee of quality.

SPECIALS: CAPES--Greenland Seal, Persian Grey Lamb.
JACKETS---Seal, Persian and Grey Lamb.

Jas. H. Rogers, Cor. King & Church Sts., TORONTO.

How to be Popular.

Do not be one minute late at a lunch or dinner.

Do not forget that well-bred people are always thoughtful and polite.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

For Nine Years.—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Thedford, writes:—"For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my leg; I expended over $100 on physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally) in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

In India there is an idea that a lion cannot be induced to attack a prince or any scion of a royal house.

In France there is an idea that if a fisherman counts the fish he has caught he will catch no more during the day.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO CONGREGATIONALISM.

This Church Gave to the World a Beecher—Hear Also What the Rev. S. Nicholls, a Prominent Toronto Congregational Minister, Has to Say on an Important Subject.

Henry Ward Beecher believed man's religious faith was coloured largely by the condition of his health. He had said from the pulpit that no man could hold right views on religion when his stomach was out of order. It is quite certain that no preacher can preach with effect if his head is stuffed up with cold, or if he is a sufferer from catarrh. It is not surprising, therefore that we find the leading clergymen of Canada speaking so highly of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, for cold in the head or catarrh. They know the necessity better than anyone else of being relieved of this trouble. Rev. S. Nicholls, of Olivet Congregational Church, Toronto, is one who has used this medicine, and over his own signature has born testimony to its beneficial character.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsilitis and deafness. Sixty cents. Sample with blower sent for 10c in stamps or silver. S. G. Detchon, 44 Church street, Toronto.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Christmas spirit runs all through the December number of St. Nicholas. "How a Street-Car Came in a Stocking" is told by Harriet Allen. It was not a little toy affair, but one that had carried passengers in a great city for many years. Just how happy it made the recipient every little boy can imagine. Sarah Orne Jewett, in "Betty Leicester's English Christmas," gives further experiences of a heroine who has already made many friends. There is almost a touch of pathos in "A Christmas White Elephant," by W. A. Wilson, jolly as the story is. A little girl falls in love with her Christmas tree, which she imagines is alive after reading one of Hans Andersen's tales and her parents are at their wits' ends to know how to dispose of it. James Whitcomb Riley contributes a child-poem that is in his most imaginative vein, "The Dream March of the Children," and Bertha E. Bush describes in verse "The Christmas Song of Cædmon." But attractive as are these holiday features, they do not constitute the leading charm of the number. This will be found in "Letters to Young Friends," by Robert Louis Stevenson. The magazine has been fortunate enough to secure a number of letters written by Stevenson to his little ward, Austin Strong, and to other children. The first selections from them appear in this issue together with a new portrait of Stevenson and other pictures. The letters describe the romantic features of the writer's life in Samoa, and give a graphic account of his native retainers. Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison, in "The Little Carltons Have Their Say," draws from her own experience in Richmond during the war. "Our Secret Society," by George Parsons Lathrop, will prove to its readers that boys are very much the same now as when the writer was a youth. Mrs. Helen E. Greig tells of "Owney, the Post office Dog," and some new pictures are given of this remarkable canine traveler. "Bombshell: An Artillery Dog," who saved the lives of two little children by his instinct, is described by Lieut. John C. W. Brooks. The serials are represented by interesting chapters.

A Unique Mid-Winter Magazine.—The New Year's Ladies' Home Journal brings with it abundant assurance that it has inaugurated the red letter year of its existence—that it will be better in 1896 than ever. The best known and most popular contemporaneous writers and artists are represented in their best achievements. On the cover page is reproduced Albert Lynch's famous painting, "The Godmother," in half-tone, showing the great work of the modern master in exquisite perfection of artistic detail. Mary Anderson de Navarro continues the interesting reminiscence of her "Early Days on the Stage," recounting her trials, disappointments and ultimate triumphs. Ex-President Harrison's paper in his "This Country of Ours" series, explains succinctly and lucidly the Federal Constitution, tells of its adoption and amendments, and defines its scope and limitations. Edna Lyall, author of "Donovan," "We Two," etc., contributes an instructive paper, in which she records her "Early Literary Influences" and her first and subsequent successes as a novelist. Frank R. Stockton's "The Widow's Yarn" is a delightfully droll story told in its author's inimitable way, and Jerome K. Jerome's "Blase Billy," the first of his "Stories of the Town" series, written for the Journal, is in the author's characteristic and most delightful vein. Mary E. Wilkins' "Little Marg'ret Snell," second of "Neighborhood Types" sketches, is a uniquely refreshing bit of pen portraiture, quite equal to her first paper, which was given in the December Journal. Edith M. Thomas the poetess, contributes a poetic study in natural history—notes of winter—under the caption of "A Watch in the Night of the Year." Rudyard Kipling's powerful short story, "William the Conqueror," reaches a splendid climax and its conclusion in the January Journal, and Julia Magruder's romance, "The Violet," continues, increasing in its fascinating, absorbing interest. Edward W. Bok editorially talks with young men, answering a number of inquiries submitted to him upon business and social topics. Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., writes forcibly and entertainingly upon "Memories of Our Childhood Homes," and announces that he will henceforth address himself to young men, in a series of papers. Other contributors cover the field of fashions, discuss matters of etiquette, the baby, fortune-telling as an amusement, and various topics of home interest. The departments are bright, attractive, instructive and complete. Drawings by W. L. Taylor, Charles Dana Gibson, William Martin Johnson, Alice Barber Stephens, Elizabeth S. Green and Abbey E. Underwood are among the strong artistic features of the January Journal, which is exceptionally bright, fresh and interesting in literature and illustrations, and which carries with it the explanation of its universal popularity. By the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia one dollar per year.

The Christmas Century is notable both pictorially and for its literature. Perhaps the most striking and novel illustrations are those by Tissot from his well-known series, "The Life of Christ," which have been seen only in Paris, but which may later be placed on exhibition in the United States. The article on this extraordinary work is written by Miss Edith Cones. Another set of interesting illustrations is by Louis Loeb, the American artist, accompanying an article on "The Passion Play at Oder-Thiersee. Vilbert's well-known picture, "The Grasshopper and the Ant," is reproduced in the series of pictures now running in "The Century," by this distinguished French Artist. A little story by the artist accompanies the reproduction of the painting. This number gives the opening chapters of a story called "Tom Grogan," by F. Hopkinson Smith, with pictures by Mr. Reinhart. "Tom Grogan" is a character which is likely to take its place among the curious and popular contemporary figures presented to the public by Mr. Smith. A real old-fashioned Christmas story by Stockton is entitled "Captain Eli's Best Ear." Among the short stories, however, none will attract more attention than Rudyard Kipling's most original inventions. The second instalment of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Sir George Tressady" is given, and it is evident that Lady Maxwell (in other words "Marcella") is to be one of the most prominent figures in the story, Marcella married and at the very top of her political and social influence. The article entitled "A Midsummer Night," by Benjamin Kidd, presents to the public the author of "Social Evolution" in a new light, that of a naturalist and lover of nature. He describes a midnight walk in a neighborhood of London. The musician Stavenhagan has a timely paper, with portrait, on Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel." Mr. Leslie J. Perry describes with numerous examples from the records the "Appeals to Lincoln's Clemency, and the Rev. Dr. Monger has a suggestive paper called "Music, Heavenly Maid." Miss Thomas writes in both prose and poetry of "Glamour." A very timely article is printed in "Open Letters" on "The International Exhibition of 1900," with a map. This is by Theodore Stanton, who speaks from the close knowledge of the subject. There are editorial essays on "Congress and the Currency System," "Fruits of Civic Spirit," "A Citizen by Adoption," etc. Harriet Prescott Spofford publishes a poem entitled "Hear, O Israel!" and there are shorter pieces of verse in "Lighter Vein."

Of several new stories of Lincoln told in the second instalment of the new "Life of Lincoln," in McClure's Magazine for December, one of the most interesting is that, when Lincoln removed with his family from Indiana to Illinois, he made thrifty use of the opportunities of the journey to peddle out, at a good point, a stock of small wares which he had bought for the purpose. The whole instalment is rich in picturesque details, and in Lincoln as he undertook life on his own account, first as a flatboatman, and then as a grocery clerk at New Salem, exhibits a young genius and hero, doing wonderful feats of strength, risking his life to save comrades from drowning, and magically winning his way in a new community by his rare integrity, his superior intelligence, and his gift of entertaining speech. Along with the paper are twenty-five pictures, including a fac-simile of Lincoln's first vote, portraits of him in 1856, 1857, 1858, and 1860, portraits of his early associates, and pictures of all the important scenes of this period of his life. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in the same number, describes, with fond and humorous touches, her girlhood in one of the most attractive of New England university towns, relating how she secretly began her literary career at the tender age of thirteen, and giving charming reminiscences of her father, Professor Austin Phelps, and her mother (also Elizabeth Stuart Phelps) the most popular writer for children of her day. Some portraits, hitherto unpublished, and other pictures add to the interest and value of the article. Another notable piece of literary autobiography is the story derived from conversations with Mr. Hall Caine, of the peculiar trials and labors which he, the son of a humble Manxman had to endure in order to become one of the foremost of English novelists. The central idea of his novels, Mr. Caine derives, it seems, from the Bible, of which he is a devoted student; and he composes them in his mind down almost to the last word, before he begins to write them, the writing itself being little more than mechanical, and, consequently, very rapid. The paper is very fully and interestingly illustrated. A Christmas article of great beauty, as well as interest, is Mr. Will H. Low's "Madonna and Child," with reproductions of thirty-two celebrated paintings specially chosen by Mr. Low during a recent visit to Europe. There are particularly good stories by Anthony Hope and Robert Barr, a Christmas story by Ella Higginson, and a bright travel sketch by Cy Warman the engineer poet who took the thousand mile ride on the engine of a "flyer." S. S. McClure, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

McClure's Magazine for January will contain a selection of Eugene Field's best-known child poems, illustrated with portraits, from Mr. Field's own collection, of the real children to whom the poems relate. There will also be an article on Field's friendships among children illustrated with portraits of Field, including the last taken before his death.

A popular and growing Christmas custom is the giving of periodicals for Christmas presents. Of these The Youth's Companion offers the most for the cost, $1.75 a year. The Companion has been the popular companion for young and old for three generations. It comes just often enough, regularly once a week, to keep up the companionship, bringing information and entertainment for every member of the family. The Christmas Number, just issued, is a good Christmas present in itself.

The last story Stevenson wrote, and the one on which he was still engaged when death overtook him, he called "A Tragedy of the Great North Road." The first installment appears in the Christmas number of the Cosmopolitan. James Lane Allen begins his new novel, "Butterflies," which promises to be among the best works of that author. "Ouida," with one of her inimitable character sketches, Sarah Grand, and Zangwill with Stevensonn make the fiction a strong and almost incomprehensible feature of a ten cent magazine. Nor is the illustration of The Cosmopolitan behind the fiction. A long array of artists, no less personages than Alfred Parsons, the famous French illustrator, Rossi, Alice Barbee Stephens, Reginald Machell, R. B. A., B. West Clinedinst, F. O. Small, F. G. Attwood, Eric Pape, Jose Cabrinety, R. C. W. Bunny, Dan Beard, and G. H. Boughton, A. R. A., contribute original illustrations.

With the December issue, The Arena is reduced in price to twenty-five cents per copy and to $3.00 per year, but this reduction in price is accompanied by no diminution in the excellence of this great liberal, progressive and reformative review; indeed, this issue is exceptionally strong. Among the eminent thinkers who contribute to the one hundred and seventy six pages which go to make up the body of the magazine, are Prof. Richard T. Ely, Justice Walter Clark, LL.D., Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Frank B. Sanborn, Rev. John W. Chadwick, Henry Gaillieur, Prof. George D. Herron, Prof. Frank Parsons, Prof. Joseph Rhodes Buchanan, Helen H. Gardener, and Will Allen Dromgoole. The last named opens a serial of Tennessee life, which promises to be intensely interesting, and which will run during the next six issues of The Arena. Besides the one hundred and seventy-six pages which make up the body of the magazine, there are Editorial Notes and The World of Books, which prove of special interest to a large majority of our readers,—all making more than two hundred pages of reading matter.

Godey's Magazine for January.—Godey's Magazine has brought out another novelty for the January issue, in the shape of a Woman's Number. All the articles, stories, and poems in it are either by or about women. If anyone thinks, however, that the magazine is less interesting on this account, let him read in Joseph Dana Miller's "The New Woman in Office," of how Mrs. Blackman, Secretary of the Police Board of Leavenworth, handled a Coxey "army," and the experience of Mrs. Ames as deputy sheriff in Illinois; or of the ingenious accomplishments of women, told in "Women Inventors"; or Mrs. Martha McCulloch Williams' charming piece of fiction, "Pyramus and Thisbe"; or Frances Aymar Mathew's "A Record of Realities." In cover, illustrations, fashion department, and all the familiar features, the customary standard is maintained. Ten cents a copy. Godey's Magazine announces a prize of fifty dollars for the best short story in which the bicycle plays an important part. Mss. should be between three and four thousand words long, and must be received by February 1st. The Godey Company, New York, will furnish further particulars of the competition.—The Godey Company, 52-54 Lafayette Place, New York.

A great many country people believe that the screeching of an owl indicates impending calamity.

Nothing To Fear in washing with *Pearline*. It does wonders, but it does them safely. You can use it on the finest laces or the coarsest paint. The fine things are washed carefully; the rough work is done easily. *Pearline* does away with the *Rub, Rub, Rub*. Wash with *Pearline*, and there is little that is work; wash without it, and there is little that is worse.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back*. 300 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

Women and Suicide.

Although woman is supposed to be the weaker vessel and to have less courage and less virility of character than man, recent investigations into the history of suicide have brought out the surprising fact that nearly five times as many men as women commit suicide; and of the women who do take their lives it is estimated that at least half are insane or mentally irresponsible. In some countries the proportion is even larger. The reasons for this superiority of woman over man are not so easily discovered, although some of them are apparent.

In the first place, a majority of the men who commit suicide do so out of fear and cowardice; they are afraid to face poverty, pain, degradation, disappointment. Comparatively few women commit suicide for any of these causes; whether it is because they fear death or do not fear adversity is not clear, though it is claimed by physiologists that woman has a special affinity for adversity and disappointment and physical suffering. Indeed, it is maintained that she actually enjoys being sick. Women certainly feel pain and physical suffering less acutely than do men, and as physical and moral sensibility are closely allied, it naturally follows that woman can exert more moral power toward resisting the temptation to end their agony by ending life.

According to statistics more men commit suicide because of poverty, want, financial disappointments, social changes, etc., than for any other causes; while these causes, on the contrary, produce the fewest suicides among women. This is the more remarkable because a woman in want is so much more helpless than a man, and because enjoying the privileges of society so much more keenly than does man, she ought naturally to feel its deprivations the more. The explanation probably is that woman can more easily adapt herself to changed conditions than can man. Max Nordau, in fact, claims that the only difference in nature between a duchess and a washerwoman is a superficial one; so that a duchess could adapt herself to new surroundings and become a washerwomen much more easily than a duke could change into a menial; indeed, the duke would prefer to commit suicide. There are many cases of women of high rank accepting positions of relative inferiority easily and gracefully; few men of similar standing can do this; they cannot bend—they break; besides, where the ruin is financial, man suffers more directly and personally and has more occasion for remorse. Then, too, women can seek aid or beg more easily than a man.

The two predominating causes of suicide among women are love and insanity; causes which, curiously enough, produce comparatively few suicides among men; probably four or five times as many women commit suicide from these causes as do men, a fact which shows that love is with most women a passion—an all consuming fire which destroys their mental and moral equilibrium. Love for most women of highly passionate nature means an entire abnegation of their personality and a complete self-sacrifice; it renders them helplessly irrational and unbalanced. So true is this that the less deserving the object of their love, the more intense grows their passion, and the greater the coolness or ill-treatment on the part of their lovers the stronger is their spirit of self-sacrifice. It is among this class of women that suicide flourishes. This is noticeable in the newspaper accounts of female suicides. For example, a girl suicide leaves this letter for her lover: "You have deceived me and deserted me, but I love you and cannot survive the loss of your affection." "Perhaps," writes another, "you desert me because I loved you more than my life." Another wrote to an unfeeling brute: "Death will soon divide us. I hope thus to make you happy." Some women are so near the border line of sanity and insanity that any sort of spiritual excitement like love is bound to render them irresponsible, and, their suicide ought, therefore, to be regarded as a species of insanity, rather than as deliberate self-murder.

It is apparent in the cases of suicide for love that abuse, ill-treatment and desertion awaken no resentment or hatred; they seem rather to intensify feeling for the unworthy lover, who is looked upon as dead and forever lost, with no other consolation left for the woman but also to lose herself in death. If she does not go mad she commits suicide. The only suicides for love among men are either double suicides of both man and woman or those of the Werther character where the passion engenders such rare spiritual exaltation that suicide seems the only natural solace for disappointment.

While love causes more suicides among women than among men, marriage on the other hand, causes four times as many suicides among men as among women; and most of these are due to man's inability to reconcile himself to the loss of his wife by death.

Lombrose, the great Italian criminologist, says this fact is explained by the predominance of maternal over conjugal love. The love which drives woman to suicide is frequently illicit; marriage she loves more rationally and less blindly—there is no occasion for remorse or highkeyed tragedy. The average married woman, he says, loves too feebly to commit suicide when widowed. She becomes attached to her grief and more easily reconciles herself to the changes in her conditions and circumstances; while the man, if he loved sufficiently not to commit suicide before his wife's death, usually loves too much to endure life after her death. Though it seems that comparatively few men are driven to suicide by their spouses. Like Socrates, their respective Xantippes turn them into philosophers.

Double and multiple suicides are explained in this way. The mother who kills her children and then kills herself does so, it is claimed, because a physiological law drives her to it. Her offspring are an organic portion of herself, and she can not take her own life and leave them. The same maternal instinct which protects the child while living also causes the suicide mother to take its life, and thus protect it in death. So strong is this bond that pathologists claim that in many cases the mother prevails on the child to kill itself.

Gornier investigated several cases in which a boy of 10 and a boy of 13 years were prevailed upon to end their lives simultaneously with that of their respective mothers.

In double suicide for love it is always the woman who conceives it and carries it out. Seldom do we find cases in which the lover kills his sweetheart and then kills himself. It is always the other way. Even the novelist recognizes this fact; it is always the man and never the woman whose resolution fails at the last moment. The woman usually shows herself active, resolute and full of resources. She plans it all; she leaves the last messages; she completes the dreadful tragedy. The man is timid, weak, irresolute and shows himself to be under the influence of a suggestion that is possibly often hypnotic. Usually there is some actual or fancied obstacle to the full realization of the woman's love, and as her passion is a part of her very existence, she feels that to separate her from her lover would be to kill her; and here again a law of her being drives her to her death. It is claimed that love is never strong enough to drive a man to suicide. It is the old story of Eve in the garden.

The natives of India believe that elephants have a religion and form of worship.

A hundred years ago all naturalists taught that the pelican fed its young with its own blood.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

IS

DELICATE, FRAGRANT AND CLEANSING.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

FREE TO INVALID LADIES.

A lady who suffered for many years with uterine troubles, displacements, leucorrhœa and other irregularities, finally found a safe and simple home treatment that completely cured her without the aid of medical attendance. She will send it free with full instructions how to use it, to any suffering woman sending name and address to Mrs. L. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

In South Italy there is a belief that the chameleon takes no food but air.

Mr. John Blackwell, of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, writes: "Having suffered for over four years from Dyspepsia and weak stomach, and having tried numerous remedies with but little effect, I was at last advised to give Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery a trial. I did so with a happy result, receiving great benefit from one bottle. I then tried a second and a third bottle, and now I find my appetite so much restored, and stomach strengthened that I can partake of a hearty meal without any of the unpleasantness I formerly experienced."

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.—Colton.

A Birthday Greeting.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO, CANADA.

Time is ever on the wing,
Fast our moments fly away;
Let us prize them, though they bring
Joy and sorrow mixed alway!
Had we joy alone, my friend,
We would seek no other sphere;
Did God only sorrow send,
We would wish the end was near!

God is wiser far than we,
And he knoweth what is best;
Let us in his wisdom see
That he seeks our FAITH to test;
May we live as though this hour
Were our last on earth to spend;
And, come sunshine, shade, or show'r,
God's best blessing will attend!

Let the years roll on apace,
Heaven is nearer than before;
Let us bravely trials face,
Waves break loudest near the shore!
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
All within one year are bound;
Let us through each season sing
Songs of praise the whole year round.

GET A COPY OF

JOHN IMRIE'S POEMS,

BOUND IN CLOTH AND GOLD.

POST FREE FOR ONE DOLLAR.

IMRIE, GRAHAM & CO., PRINTERS,

13 Church Street, - - Toronto, Ont.

COOLNESS AMONG FRIENDS.

BY HARKLEY HARKER.

AY, don't you think the C——s are cool toward us?"

My wife asked me that question, a week ago, concerning a family whose friendship we have reason to value and to wish to keep.

I had not noticed the coolness till my wife's more delicate sensibilities had been made aware of it. Then my thicker skin perceived it unmistakably. My first impulse was one of indignation. What did I care for people who grew cool toward me when I was all the while as warm in my love to them as ever? Was such friendship worth fussing over? Let them go, I had done them no wrong in thought, or perpetrated no disloyal deed. I was simply going on my busy way, when, lo! I found that I must blow the coals of an ember fire or it would expire. I felt angry.

But upon second thought, I concluded to exert myself. Truth was I could ill afford to allow the gentleman to become an enemy. Yet I felt almost certain that such small and causeless jealousy had irreparably hurt my confidence in my "friend." I looked over my life, and could only see that, possibly, in the drive of an all-engrossed career, I had simply been a little lax in attention without design. Yet friendship feeds on attention as silk-worms on mulberry leaves. If my friend had been in real trouble, I should certainly have hastened to his side; so would he to mine. But the small courtesies had been neglected. Friendship must have them.

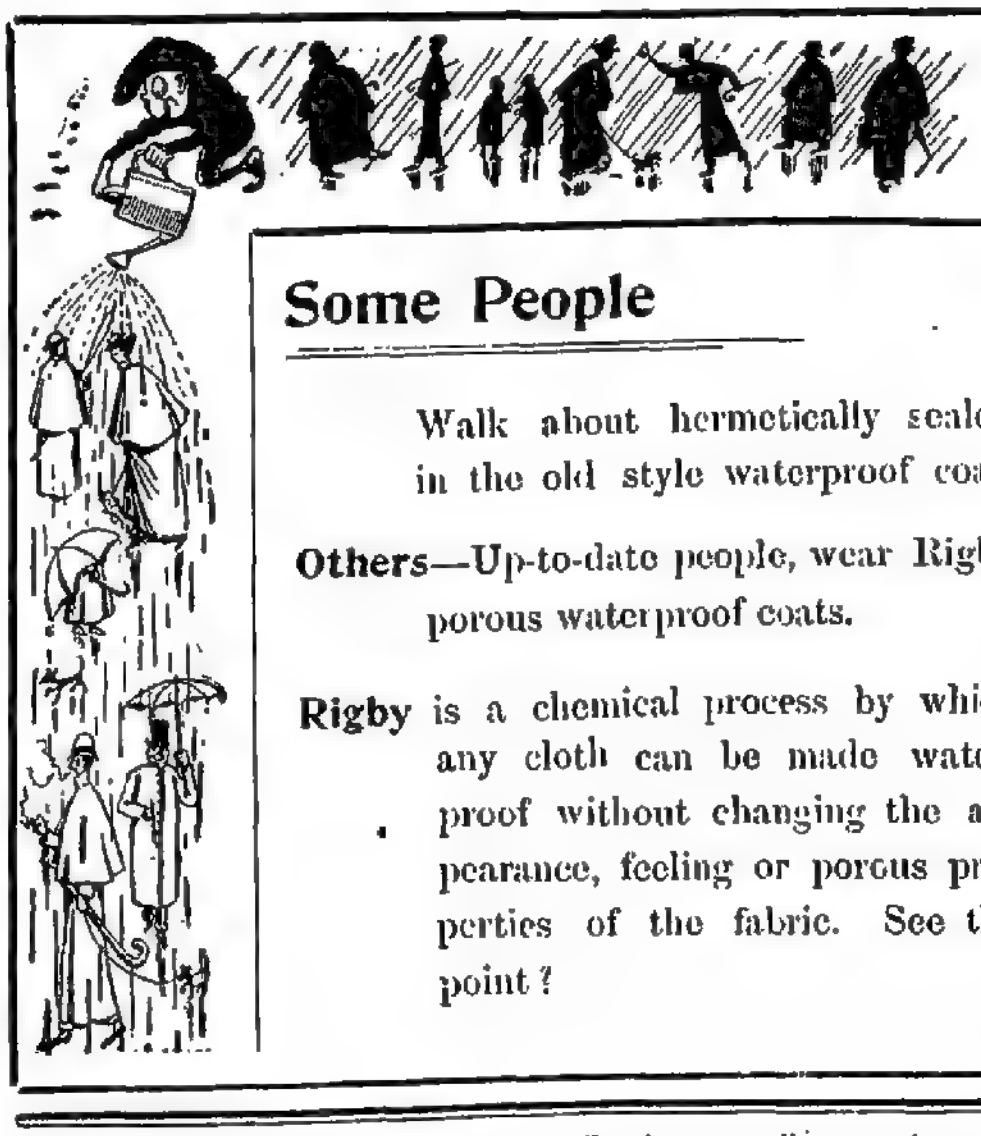
Then too, my friend had many, many admirable qualities, with that accursed disposition, "sensitiveness." It is useless to ignore that characteristic; some of the otherwise best people in the world are festered with it. I am, on the contrary, not guilty; among all my many faults, sensitiveness is not one; you have to kick me before I know you dislike me. What mean blemishes the C——s have to put up with, in order to like me, I will not confess; but doubtless not a few. The C——s are sensitive. I must put up with that. My wife and I went straight over to take tea, all cordial and uninvited, just as if nothing had happened, that very day. It was like entertaining an ice-house, at first, but we ignored all that, and simply beamed and thawed our way back into the summer of the C——s.

That appreciation of strained relations, that mystic sense of warming, a friend's growing coolness, is as remarkable as a thermometer. If you ever tried to analyze it, you were puzzled. How do you know that your friend is cooling? It is some subtle psychic force in eye and feature, in tone and toss of the head—nay, you cannot trace it in polite people; of course ill-bred people will let you know by refusing to speak or even look at you and vulgar people will kick you to give you a hint. But among people of the most refined and elegant manners, people who speak just the same and shake hands just the same, and all that, still there is a fine cold atmosphere that lets you know that your friend is "mad" and needs warming up.

Who has not had his "presentiment" that he ought to drop in at his friend's office, or call on his friend at home, if he would keep peace? Who has not "imagined that something was sticking in the crop of A., and it is necessary to go and tickle his good graces again?" Who has not disobeyed and disregarded the impression, and thus lost a good friend? On the other hand, we have all obeyed our premonitions, and found that our smile and cordial hand were shown just in the nick of time.

After all, a good friend is worth a little humoring. If one would potter with a machine to make it run; if one would coax a horse, a canary, a pet dog; if one would ravel out embroidery with great patience, to suit a fancy of greater perfection—shall not a heart have great patience with another true heart? He is very short-sighted who allows a precious old friendship to freeze for want of a trifle of indulgence. And who does not need it? Do you never feel chilled toward your friend? Has he never once had need to pet and pamper you, when you took small and unreasonable offense? Or if you are not of the sensitive kind, no doubt you have other faults to be overlooked, which may be quite as hard to ignore as your friend's hypersensitiveness. If a friendship is not worth indulging, it is not worth much. Take a word of warning! Go warm up your cooling friend. Before you are a month older you may desperately wish you had. The charity of the world, without friends, is much colder than your offended friend is now.

There is an indescribable delight in reconquering the chilled friend. You storm his ice-castle with smiles. You catch his flabby hand and shake it mightily, and provide all the cordiality. You put your arm through his so naturally, ignoring the fact that it is like taking the arm of one of the bronzes in the square. You furnish all the laughter, and furnish it in large quanties, too. You go right on talking in the brightest way, and pay no attention to the clouds on your friend's brow. You act perfectly innocent, if in truth you are. All the while you are mad enough over his asinine ugliness to kick the poor, dear fellow. You compel him to make the first mention of any trouble, dragging it in neck and heels. Even then you "don't know what he means," and refuse to take the first, or the second or the third hint. You offer to do him some service, in the old-time spirit, You confuse and nonplus him. It becomes a terrific mental struggle for him to "keep his mad up." In attempting to do it, he is rude and insulting, of which he is promptly ashamed, being a manly fellow at heart; and now, having placed himself in the wrong, he thaws out fast. He ends with an apology, which you do not notice, of course, nor insist on. You clap him on the back, and say, "Don't mention it, old boy!" and your winter is again "made glorious summer."



Some People

Walk about hermetically sealed in the old style waterproof coat.

Others—Up-to-date people, wear Rigby porous waterproof coats.

Rigby is a chemical process by which any cloth can be made waterproof without changing the appearance, feeling or porous properties of the fabric. See the point?

A Piece of Her Mind.

A lady correspondent has this to say: "I want to give a piece of my mind to a certain class who object to advertising, when it costs them anything—this won't cost them a cent.

I suffered a living death for nearly two years with headaches, backache, in pain standing or walking, was being literally dragged out of existence, my misery increased by drugging.

At last, in despair, I committed the sin of trying an advertised medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and it restored me to the blessedness of sound health. I honor the physician who when he knows he can cure, has the moral courage to advertise the fact."

The medicine mentioned cures all the delicate diseases peculiar to females, as "Female Weakness," periodical pains, irregularities, nervous prostration, spasms, chorea or St. Vitus's Dance, sleeplessness, threatened insanity.

To permanently cure constipation, biliousness, indigestion or dyspepsia, use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Every one can keep house better than her mother; till she trieth.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms: Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctors' bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

FREE.

We direct special attention to the following remarkable statements.

For 25 years I was almost totally deaf; could not understand a word; had to carry a slate so that people could "talk" to me. In one week after commencing Aerial Medication, I surprised my friends by discarding the slate. I steadily improved, and now can hear the slightest noise, and can understand conversation perfectly.

EDWARD E. WILLIAMS, Lead, S.D.

For 35 years I suffered most intensely from Catarrh in its worst and most complicated form, and words can not express my gratitude for the wonderful cure I obtained from the use of Dr. Moore's treatment.

J. C. CARRITHERS, Riverton, Ala.

For 20 years I had Catarrh, was very Deaf 18 years. Dr. Moore cured me and fully restored my hearing in 1892.

MRS. J. BASTICK,
Shelby, N. C.

I was cured of one of the very worst cases of Fetid Catarrh, by Dr. Moore in 1887, and have felt no trace of the disease since,

A. G. FREEMAN,
Parker's Lake, Ky.

Medicine for Three Months' Treatment Free.

To introduce this treatment and prove beyond a doubt that it is a positive cure for Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address,

J. H. MOORE, M.D., CINCINNATI, O

"JUST DROPPED IN."

BY KATE THORN.

NEIGHBORS are an excellent institution, if they only keep their places. But neighbors out of their places are quite another thing.

The Bible enjoins it upon us to love our neighbor as ourself, and then pertinently inquires who is our neighbor.

If anybody can love a meddlesome, envious, prying back-door neighbor, he must have more grace and patience than the most of us.

In large cities the inhabitants know very little about neighbors; but in country villages and in the rural regions it is altogether different.

Every neighborhood has one or more of those troublesome people who are continually dropping in. They are of both genders, and equally disagreeable. Your female neighbor comes over while you are at breakfast, and begs that you won't mind her; and she sits down in the dining-room, and stares at you while you eat, and fixes her eyes on the patch on the table-cloth, and shows by her expression that she knows your forks are plated. If you have bacon for breakfast, she tells you that she dislikes pork, and insinuates that it is unfit for Christians to eat; but she will add, as a sort of qualifier, that if you like it, it is all right.

Then she will want the pattern of little Joe's apron, and she will go into your parlor to get the last fashion magazine, to save you the trouble of going, when you know that she only does it for an excuse to pass by your bedroom door, to see if the bed is made.

You never can have anything or do anything without your back-door neighbor's cognizance. She is as keen on the scent as a blood-hound. Your new fall suit, that you had vowed she should not see until you appeared in it at church, she spies out, by a piece of the trimming carelessly left in your work-basket, and she guesses at its cost, and asks where you got it, and how many yards you had, and who cut it, and if you made it yourself, and says she likes blue—but, then, green is all the style. But she supposes you got blue because green is so trying to a sallow complexion.

When she finds out that you purchased the material at Smith's, she says that she always shops at Jones.' Jones is to be relied upon—but, then, Smith tells a good story, and knows just how to handle customers who do not understand goods. And then she asks again what you paid for your dress, and you dare not tell her a cent more on a yard than it really was, for you know she will go directly and ask Smith all about it.

And this brings us to wonder why it is that women in general, and nearly everybody else, are prone to represent the price of articles they purchase a little higher than the actual facts will warrant? Why is it that we all want to have it thought that our twenty-dollar suit costs thirty? and our hundred-dollar parlor sets cost a hundred and fifty?

Our back-door neighbor sees through all our little shifts to appear better than we are, and she lets us know that she does. She knows that the handsome rug was put before the sofa in our sitting-room to hide that thin place in the carpet; she knows that we use brown sugar to sweeten pies and doughnuts; she knows that our Tom will swear when he is out of humor, and that Mr. Brown slams the doors when things do not suit him.

She just drops in two or three times a week, sometimes oftener, and is only going to stop a minute. She never takes her hat and jacket off, because she can't stop. And there she will sit and talk, and hinder you with your work, and spoil the whole forenoon for you; and, ten to one, she stays to dinner, and protests that she wouldn't have stopped for anything in the world, but because she was afraid of hurting your feelings.

She only just dropped in a moment, and never thought of stopping.

No, indeed!

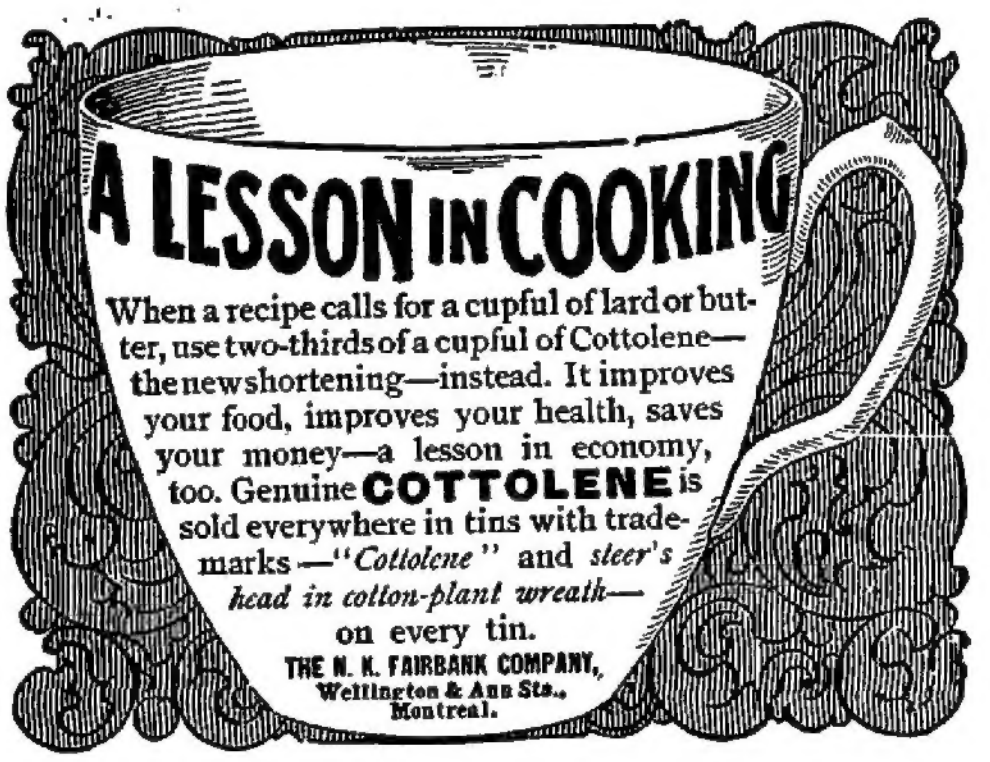
Nothing of your family affairs is safe from her observation. She knows just how often your oldest girl has gentlemen to call on her, and who they are, and what they are, and how late they stay nights, and who their grandfathers were, and all the other particulars.

She is a perpetual thorn in the flesh; and it is better to live close to a school-house, a kerosene refinery, a cotton mill, a piano salesroom, or a bone-boiling establishment, than it is to live next door to a woman who is always dropping in.

EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labeled—"James Epps & Co., Ltd: Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

In the mountains of Italy there is a superstition that young vipers eat up their own mothers.

Messrs. Stott & Jury, Chemists, Bowmanville, write:—"We would direct attention to Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, which is giving perfect satisfaction to our numerous customers. All the preparations manufactured by this well-known house are among the most reliable in the market."



HALE AND HEARTY AT 70.

What "Father" Toull Thinks of a Popular Remedy.

Suffered for Twenty Years From Heart Troubles—His Doctor Said He Might Drop Dead at Any Moment—Tells How He Overcame the Trouble.

From the Ingersoll Chronicle.

That a sound mind in a sound body is one of the best and greatest gifts of a kind Providence no one will deny. Mankind in all ages have sought to obtain the elixir of life, have hunted for some means of prolonging health, vigor and vitality—have in fact hoped that they might find

"Some blithe wine
Or bright Elixir peerless they could drink
And so become immortal."

But while man can hardly hope to attain that coveted prize this side of the eternal world, yet it is evident to all who give the subject any consideration, that modern science, skill and education in the treatment of the ills that flesh is heir to, have worked wonders in restoring the human body to its original "form divine," and in relieving many sufferers from untold misery, bringing them back to health and happiness, and giving them a feeling that life is indeed worth living. A case in point, in our own town, having reached the ears of a reporter of the Chronicle the scribe determined to satisfy his curiosity by calling on the party who had had such a happy experience and investigate

"Busily at Work."

for himself. He called at the boot and shoe shop of Mr. John Toull, King street west, and on entering the building the reporter found "Father Toull," as he is familiarly known in town, busily at work on a pair of shoes for one of his many customers, at the same time humming over to himself the tune of a cherished hymn, for by the way, in his younger days Mr. Toull was considered a good local preacher among the Methodists of this section and frequently filled the pulpits of some of our local churches in the pastor's absence, and he still loves to sing, preach or expostulate on some scripture theme or favorite hymn. The reporter was cordially received, and on making known his business, the old man's countenance brightened and his eyes sparkled with delight. It was interesting to note the fervency with which he volunteered, as he said for the sake of humanity, to tell what he could of his case, and we will let it be told in his own words. He said:—"For twenty years I was subject to heart trouble and could get no relief, although I had tried almost everything that kind friends recommended to me. My family physician would sometimes give me some medicine that would help me for a short time, but without permanent benefit. He told me I might drop dead at any moment, and I tell you I expected to do so on many occasions. I had heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when they first came out but I had used so many remedies that I just about lost faith in everything of that kind, and had become resigned to my fate. However, I came in contact with so many that had used Pink Pills, and who assured me that they had been benefitted by their use, that at last I decided to give them a trial also, and several years ago I commenced taking them. I continued their use until I had taken eight boxes, and now I am happy to say that I have never had a symptom of the disease since, and I am convinced that by the blessing of God, Pink Pills cured me. I might also say that last fall I was attacked with rheumatism, which became so bad that I could scarcely walk from my work to the house, and for a long time I could not get out to church. I tried a number of things recommended to me, but received no good from their use, so I said to myself one day, Pink Pills did me so much good before for my heart trouble, I'll try them again, so I gave them another fair trial, with the result that the rheumatism has all gone out of my bones, and I have not been troubled a bit with it since. Everyone," said the old man, as he waxed warm over the thought of his happy experience, "who knows old Father Toull, knows that what he tells is the truth." After thanking Mr. Toull for his kindness and courtesy, the reporter left the shop with the same opinion as to the truth of his statements, and impressed with the belief that from his rugged, hearty appearance and cheerful disposition, the old gentleman is still good for many years of a healthful, contented life.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood builder and nerve restorer known to medical science, and cure when all other remedies fail. If not kept by your dealer they will be sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Get the genuine, imitations and substitutes are worthless—perhaps dangerous.

Good company and good discourses are the very sinews of virtue.—Isaac Watton.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

Combs all the Rage.

The women who have been fond of dressing their hair with feathers and aigrettes will have to give up this winter or be hopelessly out of date, for the feathers must go. Combs of all sizes and shapes are the correct head ornaments, so the fashionable jewellers and hair dressers say, and they come in endless variety so far as material and design are concerned.

There seems to be a different way of arranging the hair for every face, and yet all are stylish. The woman with dark glistening locks must wear her hair in the evening after the style of the Empress Josephine if she has the face to stand it and the diamond and pearl tiara which gives the finishing touch to this very fetching arrangement of her locks. If she can't afford the latter two or three strands of imitation pearls look well wound in and out among the dark puffs. Dark hair does not look well too much befrizzled. Crimping causes it to lose its lustre, which is brought out by light ornaments. On the other hand, the woman with yellow or reddish hair should wave it on all sides and puff it up high in a fluffy mass.

Medium sized tortoise-shell combs ornamented with applied silver are more popular than anything else just now, but they really show off better in light hair than any other. Black garnet and mat jet combs and hairpins are being imported from Paris and are already very popular. Many of them come in crescent and butterfly shapes, and are thickly studded with rhine stones. The side combs match, and the effect of these novelities in blond hair is gorgeous and striking.

The silversmiths report a big run on the enamelled and jewelled bodies of butterflies. These ornaments have an arrangement at the back which permits of ribbon wings of the color of the gown. The demure maid who clings to her crimpless part, and coils her hair very high on her head may thrust one of these butterflies in at the back of the part and so relieve its severity. She may even go further and fill her hair with very small enamelled and jewelled butterfly and flower pins, and so obtain an effect altogether Japanese.

Few women can afford to dress their hair low on their necks, even with the aid of crimps and puffs, but those who do must not fail to set off the knot with an immense tortoise-shell back comb curving almost from ear to ear, if they wish to be in the very latest style.

When a hair dresser was asked how elderly women should dress and ornament their hair, she replied:

"Well, everybody is going to wear her hair pompadour this winter, and there is such variety in the arrangement of this style that it can be made just as becoming to the woman with a long, lank face and cadaverous eyes as to the one with a round face. But when the crow's feet begin to scratch around a woman's eyes and the curves in her face begin to settle into lines, she should be very careful in the arrangement of her hair and the selection of ornaments. She should not fail to pull soft little curls down on her forehead, and unless she is remarkably well preserved, must not wear brilliant ornaments. Medium-sized combs in tortoise or jet are becoming, but pearls never in gray or white hair; and as for the beloved diamonds, they bring out the wrinkles."

Miniatures are invading everything from stamp boxes to cracker jars this autumn, and the very newest thing in hair ornaments is a back comb in gilded silver with a fancy enamelled miniature on its old-fashioned top. If a woman wishes it, and has the price, which is by no means small, she can have the miniature of some loved one on her comb set in a circle of diamonds or pearls. These combs are made only in medium sizes, and are exceedingly rich looking. For street wear small tortoise-shell combs, plain or ornamented with sterling silver, are most in demand, though those with teeth of celluloid and tops of translucent enamel bid fair to oust these standbys. The celluloid combs are beautiful both in color and design, and resemble somewhat rare bits of Turkish mosaic. Bright and gilded silver pins hold their own well for day wear, though tortoise shell is the most popular for all occasions.

Women as Seafarers.

Women have not become prominent on the sea as yet, but a few of them have attracted attention in this line. Olga, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, and wife of George I., the present King of Greece was appointed by her cousin, the Czar of Russia, to be Admiral in the Russian fleet, though her office was of course, an honorary one. Lady Clifford was the first lady in England who ever obtained the Board of Trade certificate for proficiency in navigation. With an efficient sailing master under her orders she navigated a 350-ton yacht in the channel and the Mediterranean with such success that she intends shortly to visit it the East in the same manner. Mrs. Minnie Hill, in 1890, held a pilot's license from the United States, and plied her calling on the Pacific coast. Another American woman, Miss Collie French, was admitted as a member of the United States American Pilots' Association for services on the Rivers Ohio and Mississippi, having served under her father, who was a pilot, fifteen years.—St. Louis Republic.

No persons are more frequently wrong than those who will not admit they are wrong.—Rochefoucauld.

The proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes:—"I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaint. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a cathartic.

Some Unique Candlesticks.

There are some of Florentine porcelain, in floral designs, beautifully painted in rich, vivid colors. They are moderate in price, and very strong—unlike the bisque rose candlesticks, which, though exceedingly pretty, are too frail to be useful. Among the prettiest of these Italian productions are morning glories, pansies and marguerites. If one wishes to use them as dinner favors, and desires greater variety, a bit of realism can be had in a little shovel of iron-color glossy china, the short handle in wood-brown. The candle-holder has a well-balanced position in the center of the shovel, and a match box, excellently copied in pale yellow, leans against the handle end of the spade. The quaintest of all candlesticks conceits is a recent importation from Holland. It is old blue Delft, in the shape of a house, with its tall gable and chimney ornately edged with silver. The house is to be lifted from the foundation when the candle is burning and serves as an extinguisher when the light is no longer desired.

The bigot for the most part clings to opinions adopted without investigation, and defended without argument, while he is intollerant of the opinion of others.—Buck.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhœa and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water, when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

Great men undertake great things because they are great; fools because they think them easy.—Vauvenargues.

Colic and Kidney Difficulty.—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J.P., Lafargeville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Parmelee's Pills afford me great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used." In fact so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body.

Success is a toboggan slide;
It's mighty slippery, brother,
You scarcely reach one end before
You're hustling for the other.

Six Oils.—The most exclusive testimony repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press proves that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—remedies rheumatic pain, eradicates affections of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do; and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.—Goethe.

Heart Disease of Five Years' Standing Absolutely Cured by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—The Great Lifesaving Remedy Gives Relief in Thirty Minutes.

Thomas Potry, Esq., Aylmer, Que.: "I have been troubled for about five years with severe heart complaint. At times the pain was so severe that I was unable to attend to business. The slightest exertion proved very fatigning and necessitated taking rest. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and obtained immediate relief. I have now taken four bottles of the remedy, and am entirely free from every symptom of heart disease. I hope this statement may induce others troubled as I was to give this most valuable remedy a trial.

Health For The Mother Sex.

COMPOUND

MILES' (Can.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND (price 75c) cures Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhœa, and all weaknesses of the female sex.

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CHOCOLATE CREAMS.

THIS is the fishing season and people are in search of worms for bait. But the Dawson Medicine Company, of Montreal, are after them in another manner, and that is their extermination from children by means of their toothsome chocolate creams, which no child would refuse. These chocolates are irresistible to the palates of children and always have the desired result, and they require no after medicine. Sold everywhere 25c. a box or on receipt of price from

The Dawson Medicine Co., Montreal

Fiction allures to the severe task by a gayer preface. Embellished truths are the illuminated alphabet of larger children.—Willmot.

Sore Feet.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes:—"For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil and resolved to try it, and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

Love and Thought.

What hath Love with Thought to do?
Still at variance are the two.
Love is sudden, Love is rash,
Love is like the levin flash,
Comes as swift, as swiftly goes,
And his mark as surely knows.

Thought is lumpish, Thought, is slow,
Weighing long 'tween yes and no;
When dear love is dead and gone,
Thought comes creeping in anon,
And, in his deserted nest,
Sits to hold the crowner's quest.

Since we love, what need to think?
Happiness stands on a brink
Whence too easy 'tis to fall
Whither's no return at all;
Have a care, half-hearted lover,
Thought would only push her over!
—James Russell Lowell.

A Historic Wedding Dress.

The dress worn by Maria Louisa of Austria at her marriage with Napoleon I. has just been sold at Rome. It is made of white tulle strewn with flowers, embroidered in white silk. The dress has an interesting history. It was given by the Empress to one of her ladies-in-waiting, who afterwards presented it to the Madonna of Castelguelfo as a thank-offering for her recovery from a long illness. The dress was then used as an altar cloth. When the parish of Castelguelfo became in need of money in 1888, it was at last induced to part with its treasure to the Roman countess who had just sold it.

Lovely Woman.

Of the new fashioned woman there is much being said—
Of her wanting to vote and a' that
And of her desire to wear man's attire,
His coat and his vest and a' that,
And a' that and a' that.
She may wear trousers and a' that;
She may even ride a horse astride—
But a woman's a woman for a' that.

See yonder damsel passing by;
She's up to date and a' that,
She wears a man's hat, likewise his cravat,
His shirt and collar and a' that,
And a' that and a' that,
His suspenders and cuffs and a' that,
But do what she can to imitate man—
A woman's a woman for a' that,

The modern maid, her form arrayed
In sweater and bloomers and a' that,
Rides a "bike exactly like
Her brother does, an a' that.
She may wear bloomers for skirts and a' that,
Wear men's collars and shirts and a' that
May wear vests if she will, but the fact remains still
A woman's a woman for a' that.

Old-Fashioned Wives.

A pretty young married woman said in our hearing the other day:

"Lorraine is such an old-fashioned wife."

"And what," we queried, "do you mean by that?"

"Oh," laughed the gay little matron, "such queer notions about her duty to her husband and home. Why, she declined all invitations unless he is included, and never, under any circumstances, is away from home when he returns at night. Then she always gets up to breakfast with him, and even goes so far as to prepare herself certain favorite dishes for him, instead of leaving such fussiness to the cook. She doesn't go away in the summer until he is able to go, too, and, in fact, she fusses over him in the most absurd fashion."

After the pretty creature had vanished to join a party of friends at dinner a reflective mood stole over us, and in the twilight we thought how much happier many a household would be if there were more old-fashioned wives instead of the type which we had just had a chance to study.

Sala's Eventful Life.

The late George Augustus Sala was patted on the head by Wellington; heard Malibran sing and Paganini play; saw the coronation of Queen Victoria, and lived to celebrate her jubilee; saw Louis Philippe while he was still king of the French; witnessed the second funeral of Napoleon; gazed on three revolutions in the French capital; saw old Czar Nicholas at the Ascot races; attended the funeral of the assassinated Alexander II. and lived in Russia when there were millions of white serfs there; followed Garibaldi in his campaign in Tyrol; was in the Franco-Mexican war, and at the storming of Pueblo; heard the first Turkish constitution proclaimed in Constantinople from the steps of the old Seraglio; listened to Daniel O'Connell in the London Tavern; spent thirteen years in America during the civil war and met Lincoln, Seward, Summer, Greeley, and Grant, as well as Jefferson Davis, and was a friend of Dickens and Thackeray.

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Ladies' Plain Parting or straight hair in front, with hair falling over the back, $3, $5, $7 and $10.

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20 " " "	$5	26 " " "	$8

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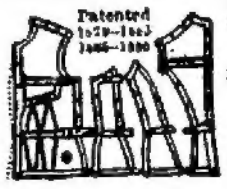

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WHAT Ladies Think of our New Patent Holder.

The following are a few of the many unsolicited testimonials which have come to us from nearly every state in the Union. Nearly all of these references to the Holder were contained in letters written us by these ladies in answer to our various advertisements, in which we offer to give books on embroidery for a certain number of our silk tags. Incidentally in their letters they have referred to the Holder, and the few lines in each case referring to the Holder we have copied in the following list. Every single letter we have received, in which the Holder is mentioned at all, has been in praise of this improvement. Yours very truly, THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.

September 19th, 1894.
"I cannot refrain from telling you how attached I am to your silks, and how very delightful it is since you have fixed them so they do not tangle. It is certainly the best way we have ever had, and I thank you for the pleasure it has already given me."
Mrs. C. M. F., 837 3rd St., Louisville, Ky.

November 2nd, 1894.
"I think the Holder a magnificent improvement. I use your silks constantly for [illegible] work and rejoice in this pleasant way to keep the silk."
Miss J. [illegible] 750 N. 9th St., Phila.

October 19th, 1894.
"I think I have destroyed [illegible] hundreds of these tags before noticing your ad. [illegible] the new covers for silk, which are a decided improvement for handling. Have used quantities of your silks and consider it the best."
Mrs. C. J. G., [illegible]erside, Montpelier, Vt.

September 3rd, 1894.
"If you have these silks in the holder I certainly would rather have them. I think the one who invented these holders should have an honor, it making and keeping the silk in place. It would be useless for me to have any other silk but me, for I would use no other but B. & A."
J. W. M., Welsh & Willits Road, Holmesburg, Pa.

September 19th, 1894.
"Your new Patent Holders are fine, only I very much fear they will not prove a paying thing for you because the silk in the holder goes almost as far again as the silk out of the holders, so the gain is on our side." Mrs. S. T. B., 118 James St., Syracuse.

January 6th, 1895.
"I am charmed with the Skein Holder. It keeps the silk so smooth and fresh. have used many wash silks, but yours holds its color better than any I have tried."
Mrs. W. C. B., 1325 Spruce St., Philadelphia.

"I am delighted with the New Skein Holder. I would rather pay double the price on it than the old way." Mrs. S. N. Fairmount, W. Va., Nov, 14th.

"I wish to say a word of praise for the New Holders. I use a great deal of silk, always Brainerd & Armstrong's; hereafter shall always buy in the New Holders." Mrs. J. H. L., Ray's Hill, Penn.

March 26th, 1895.
"To say I am pleased with the Holders does not satisfy me. Let me say it is the nicest device to keep silk in order while at work I ever saw. It is perfect in all its parts." Mrs. A. G. H., Oxford, Ga.

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Mrs. G. A. R., 573 Eaton St., Providence, R. I.

February 18th, 1895.
"I am using the first of your Silk Holders that I have seen, as I had a large supply of your silks on hand put up in the old way. I am delighted with them, but they are too much of a saving to the embroiderer to be very profitable to you."
Mrs. J. C. D., 269 W. 90th St., New York City.

February 23rd, 1895.
"I have for the first time been using some of your 'Asiatic' Filo Floss put up in the Patent Holder. I am perfectly delighted with it, and am so glad to have tried it." M. S. W., Norwood, Va.

"I have used your silks for ten years. They are the best. Your Skein Holders are a blessing to the ladies."
Mrs. T. M. M., Paragon Mills, Davidson Co., Tenn.

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